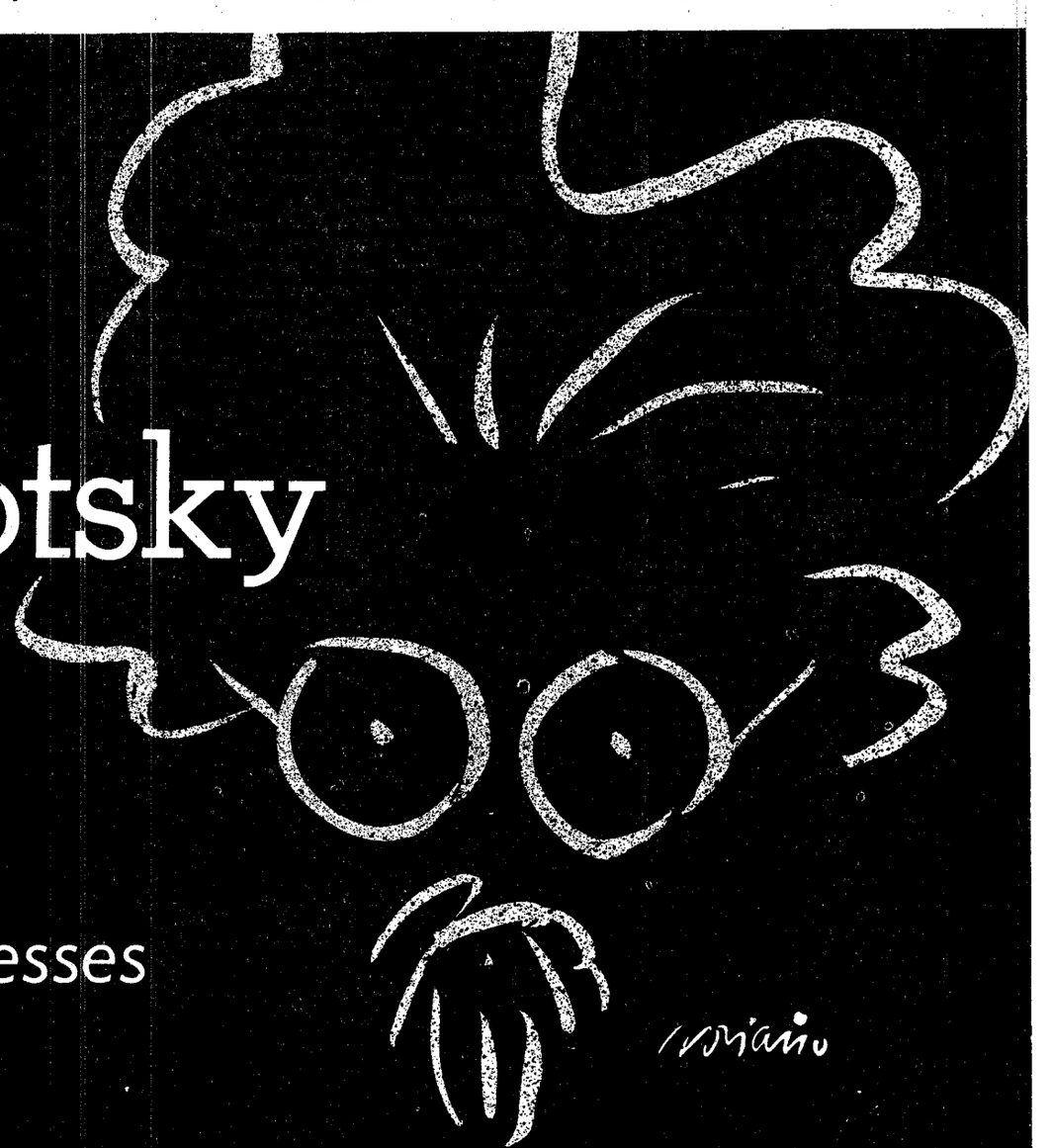
J. B. S. HALDANE: *A Message from Spain*

NEW MASSES

APRIL 27, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY



Inside the Trotsky "Trial"

A Report by Two Eye-Witnesses

QUEZON: PHILIPPINE DICTATOR?

An Interview by JAMES S. ALLEN

THOMAS MANN AND POLITICS

By HARRY SLOCHOWER

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

DAILY the newspapers echo the growing anti-Hitler movement within and without Germany. German Catholics are accused of forming a common front with Communists. A secret radio station calls to the German people to demand a plebiscite on Nazi intervention in Spain. The German Liberty Party sends its anti-Hitler manifestoes through the Nazi-controlled post-office. German patriots, refugees from the Brown terror, consolidate the anti-Hitler German people's-front movement in Paris. The assault upon the Swastika grows in force day by

day. And riding high on the wave of interest is the NEW MASSES, which will next week publish two articles on the people's front in Germany, one by Heinrich Mann, internationally known novelist and brother of Thomas Mann, and one by Willi Munzenberg, Communist leader who is in the thick of the anti-Hitler fight. Heinrich Mann has been elected president of the new people's-front coalition of liberals, radicals, and oppressed religious groups. Don't miss these two articles next week, part of our epoch-making international symposium on the people's front.

Those who were fortunate enough to have heard Harold J. Laski (whose article on the people's front in Britain two weeks ago started off our symposium) speak under the auspices of the NEW MASSES on April 19, heard a stirring as well as witty plea for unity in the American and world labor movement. And in reply to a questioner, Professor Laski urged that the essence of the question was time. The time for unity is now, he said in effect, before the march of history brings us to the edge of the abyss. And, incidentally, in reply to another questioner who sought his views on the merits of the Trotsky issue, he remarked that Professor Felix Frankfurter had written a book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case which was so convincing that it rallied liberal thought everywhere to the defense of those two working-class martyrs. "Mr. Trotsky has the same privilege," Laski declared. "Let him write a book setting forth the proof of frame-up that he says he possesses. If that book is convincing, I shall be the first to demand that the international socialist movement come to his defense. Until then, however, I think that to force the disunity of the labor movement around this issue is a profound disservice of which no socialist should be guilty."

Publication of the full story of the Trotsky "trial" this week has forced us to postpone till the next issue the second part of Sidney Hill's article on housing.

Who's Who

J. B. S. HALDANE is an eminent British scientist and one of the world's outstanding experts on chemical and anti-gas warfare. At present he is on leave from the London School of Economics, where he holds a professorship in science. He is author of *Daedalus, Possible Worlds,* and numerous other books. His "Message to America" came via the Voice of Spain, Madrid's Station EAQ 2.... James S. Allen, author of *The Negro Question in the United States,* is now at work on *The Reconstruction Period,* a contribution to the Marxist-Leninist Series in American History issued by International Publishers. He has just returned to this country after an extended stay in the Philippines. . . . Contributor William Smith, one of the authors of the article on the Trotsky "trial" in Mexico, which appears in this issue, was agricultural expert on the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, and also edited *Answers,* official organ of the Continental Committee for an Economy of Abundance. He has contributed articles to *Common Sense* and other publications. His co-author, Marion Hammett, is a writer with experience on newspapers and magazines. They were touring Mexico before the "trial" started. Neither of them is a Communist. . . . T. C. Wilson has contributed verse and reviews to a number of periodicals, including *Poetry* and the *New Republic.* He is at present working on a book of criticism of modern verse. . . . Harry Slochower is the author of *Three Ways of Modern Man,* just issued by International Publishers. This book includes an extended study of Mann's *The Magic Mountain.* He has written on literary and philosophical subjects in both German and English magazines. His book *Richard Dehmel* was banned by the Nazis. . . . H. C. Engelbrecht is co-author with Frank Hanigen of *Merchants of Death.* . . . Charmion von Wiegand has contributed art criticism to *Art Front* as well as to the NEW MASSES. . . . The lithograph by Robert Mallary on page 4 is the first of a series which the Progressive Artists' Group of California is publishing. Original 16 x 18-inch prints are being sold for one dollar, and the proceeds are being used to help finance murals in the Maritime Union Recreation Center in San Francisco. The address of the Progressive Artists' Group is 2239 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.

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What's What

ONE of the most interesting cultural aspects of the war in Spain is the balladry of the people that has grown up in the past nine months. The League of American Writers reports that scores of poets have responded to its call for translators to render the ballads into American verse, including Jean Starr Untermeyer, Babette Deutsch, Eli Siegel, Genevieve Taggard, and others. Some twenty ballads have already been translated. Those interested in taking part in this work should communicate with the editor in charge, Rolfe Humphries, in care of the League, 125 East 24th St., New York.

Three editorial greetings are in order. The first goes to the *Freiheit,* Yiddish Communist daily, which recently issued a remarkable forty-eight-page issue in celebration of its fifteenth anniversary. Congratulations to the staff! . . . And a hearty welcome to *Volksecho,* a new German anti-fascist weekly which will carry on the fight against Hitler among German-Americans. It is edited by Stefan Heym and Martin Halle. . . . And to *One-Act Play Magazine,* edited by William Kozlenko, which carries Michael Blankfort's play of the Spanish war, *The Brave and the Blind.*

Flashbacks

"I, AS a general, order you to mark the word of command," snapped a Negro to the French firing squad he faced. "Aim at the heart and fire when I say three," he directed, but the soldiers, confounded, dropped their muskets, fired no shot at Toussaint L'Ouverture. The leader of revolt in

Haiti dragged himself back to his cell, died there April 27, 1803. . . . The first all-women's strike in American history closed down many a New York shop as tailoresses walked out April 23, 1825, demanding higher wages. . . . On the high bank of the Volga, at Simbirsk, an elementary school inspector became a proud father, April 22, 1870. The child, christened Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov, later organized the Russian Revolution as Nikolai Lenin. . . . That same Lenin made the cables buzz, April 25, 1917, with the help of David R. Francis, United States Ambassador in Petrograd, who reported to his superiors: "The Ambassador was informed that crowds of excited people with a black flag were planning to attack the American Embassy, having been moved thereto by a violent speech of a Socialist named Lenin." Not content with his portrait of Communist Lenin as a Socialist waving the Anarchist flag, Francis added that the trouble seemed to be about the execution in the United States of "an Italian named Muni." Irish Tom Mooney, saved from execution by world-wide demonstrations, no doubt looked with interest at this official document, promptly released to the press by the State Department for the enlightenment of the American people.

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NEW MASSES
APRIL 27, 1937

C. Davis

A Message to America

A famous British scientist, who has put his services at the disposal of the Spanish people, tells by radio of the heroism of their fight

By J. B. S. Haldane

MADRID, April 13.—I am sitting in a cellar before the microphone in a much-bombarded section of Madrid, and I want to tell you, the people of North America, of what is happening in Spain and why it matters to you.

I spent three weeks in Madrid at Christmas, and I came back to Madrid for a very simple reason. Madrid is not the happiest town in the world, nor the gayest, nor the most beautiful. But it is, quite simply, the noblest. Let me explain. I came back to Madrid hoping to help its people by aiding them to defend themselves against gas attacks. I shall return to England again shortly. I was told that Madrid would be indebted to me for whatever aid I could render the besieged inhabitants. But *I* feel a debt to *Madrid,* an obligation, which I can never repay.

I found, upon my arrival, quite an efficient anti-gas organization in Madrid, and I was only able to give them a little advice. The people of Madrid have shown me that honor is still alive in a world that is today largely dominated by greed and fear. The people of Madrid are quite ordinary people, the women and children as well as the men, but all Madrid is quite ready to die for democracy —quite cheerfully and without too much fuss.

I had expected to find courage among the soldiers, and I found it; but I was staggered at the fantastic courage of the people themselves. I have been shelled before, and my natural reaction to the shelling is to run for the nearest hole. But in Madrid, things are different. If the civilians started running, it would be setting a bad example to the troops, so they walk, and I walk, too.

Some of them are blown to pieces, but if they are—well, it is just too bad, but not nearly as bad as if the citizens of Madrid had been guilty of cowardice.

I had expected to find order to some degree, and I knew I would find murder as well as romance. But I am utterly astonished to find Madrid far more orderly than during my last visit in 1923. At that time the streets were full of beggars and petty starving thieves, but today it is as orderly as any other Spanish town, and the only beggars in Madrid today are the charming ladies who collect for the hospitals. Let me tell you one little example of the order which I found. The streets of Madrid are broad and lined with trees. It was suggested, during the frozen winter months, that these trees be cut down for fuel. But the people of Madrid said, "We aren't going to spoil our city by cutting down our trees." They have not done it.

I had expected to find comradeship in Madrid, but I found something much bigger. I found friendliness and, what is much rarer, friendship; I found generosity, heroism, selflessness, courage.

This year I have experienced many strange things, but never, before I came to Madrid, had I ever thought that I would find, at a time like this, a million friends. After four weeks' absence from Madrid, I can notice many changes. The people are definitely more cheerful than they were. There are many reasons for this.

A great many of the refugees who fled here before the advance of war are back again, and the weather is better, and that means a great deal to a city so short of fuel as Madrid. But above all, we feel that we are probably going to live to see our cause victorious. You will notice that I am doing myself the extreme honor of speaking as a citizen of Madrid. Three months ago we felt differently about

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this, and we rather expected that we might have to die defending the walls of our city before the Fascists. But now the rush of the Italian Fascists has been stopped, and that has brought spring into our hearts.

Instead of setting our teeth, we are beginning to smile again—not that everything in Madrid is placid. It is not. There are air raids. We are still shelled, and the food situation is not so good. But I want to make it quite clear that there is no starvation, though the quality of the food is bad and there is a certain amount of malnutrition. The bread is, if I may be permitted an extreme understatement, of curious stock; and if there is any butter it is usually rancid. Besides bread, we get beans and rice, but there is little meat, and one is not always certain what kind of animal it originally graced. But it is what we have, and while the Valencia Road was under fire, we got our food, such as it was, from any and all available sources.

It is not alone the soldiers who have saved Madrid. It is the citizens, and an army of workers is needed to mend the city. Many of these workers are busy at this moment, each leading a line of mules and a cart filled with food. In remembering those who saved Madrid, we must not forget these precious, humble beasts, or the men who led them.

We want you to know that if the civilians had not played an active part in the war, the situation would by now have been quite ominous. The people preferred to stay on, under enemy bombardment, despite the fact that transport was, and is, available, though one could only take such property as one could carry.

You would think that non-combatants would be glad to leave the city, that mothers with young children would be only too glad to escape from the bad food and constant danger of sudden death. But no; it is very difficult to get people to move. Probably they hate to leave their homes or be even further separated from their men at the front; partly because they love Madrid, for the people of Madrid have always loved their city, and they love it now more than ever.

Fascism has been spreading over Europe like a conflagration for fifteen years. On the front at Madrid it has been checked. If this check is permanent—and it looks as though it might be—the defense of Madrid will be remembered when almost all other events of our day are completely forgotten. The mothers of Madrid are loath to take their children away from the greatest event in which they will ever or have ever taken part, and it is to their eternal honor that they have refused to evacuate Madrid.

It is perhaps a supreme contradiction of the war that the courage of the people is so tense that the government had to dampen it somewhat in order to prevent unnecessary casualties. But we know the Spaniards have always been a courageous and loyal people, and we know they are suffering terribly in this civil war.

Perhaps Americans will say: "Yes, but what has that got to do with us? Charity begins at home, you know, and we have millions of unemployed in the United States, and hundreds of thousands in Canada. We should think of them first."

I SHALL answer these questions if I can. America's export trades have been badly hit, among other things, by the competition of cheap foreign labor. Wages in Spain were low enough even before Franco's rebellion. If Franco's men win, wages will be forced down even lower. On the other hand, a government victory will mean higher wages in Spain, less competition in the world market, and less unemployment for you.

But there are bigger and deeper reasons than this for supporting the liberal government in Spain. It was a truly progressive and liberal government that was legally elected almost a year ago, supported by Socialists, Communists, and other parties of the Left. However, its program was not a socialist program. It was a liberal program, including such measures as breaking up of the greatest estates and distributing the land among the peasantry, and providing universal education, previously unheard of in Spain. It was trying to give the Spanish people those rights which you already, in varying degrees, possess, some of which you have had since the first English colonist landed in Virginia. Against this government the military, fascists, and monarchists, with the support of the Italian and German governments, as well as the British and French capitalists, refused the legal government of Spain the right to buy weapons and munitions, a right which they possess under international law.

Mussolini promised to cease supplying Franco with materials. But he sent men, munitions, and other war supplies by the hundreds of tons. They had previously broken the covenant of the League, but despite this the British government has continued to deny the government of Spain the right to buy weapons and munitions with which it could defend itself.

I have seen the results of this policy of "non-intervention." I have seen the great, horrifying piles of bodies lying dead on the streets of Madrid. I have seen the women of Madrid crushed under the beams of their own houses, and their children torn to pieces before their mothers' eyes.

It was not safe to watch an air raid in

Lithograph by Robert Mallary (Progressive Artists' Group)

In Our Defense

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London during the last war, because the air was so full of shrapnel from our anti-aircraft guns. It was quite safe to do so in Madrid in January, unless one was directly in the path of the bombs, for a very simple reason, which is that there were no anti-aircraft guns because the British and other governments would not allow the Spanish government to import them.

After I left at Christmas, some anti-aircraft guns arrived in Madrid, and since then air raids have almost ceased here. The women and children whom I saw killed would be alive now had Britain stuck to her international obligations.

The American policy of neutrality is perhaps more defensible, though equally culpable; it has worked out in favor of fascism. America can no longer refuse to send arms to Spain while it sends copper and other raw materials to Germany and Italy, to be made into weapons with which the women and children of Spain are being killed.

"What's that?" Albert Hubbell

But there were many thousands of citizens, including some Canadians and a thousand Americans, who were not prepared to remain neutral while democracy was being murdered in Spain, while their government was making possible the slaughter of those women and children who might have been alive today. Some came with medical units, and others to fight.

The English-speaking people, including Canadians and Englishmen and, a little later, the American members of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, went into action in the great and terrible battle which was fought between the Jarama and Manzanares rivers. There were a few veterans of the World War, but the rest had, on the average, about one month of military training. They held up many times their own number of Italian troops, supported by German machine gunners. They lost very heavily, but the way to Madrid today is open.

Have you ever asked yourself what were the two greatest blows for peace during the last year? One was the destruction of a German bomber by a Spanish government pursuit plane, a feat which has made Hitler wonder about his plans for expansion eastward. The other and even greater was the routing of the three Italian divisions last month.

The Italians were marvelously equipped with the most modern tanks and artillery, but they ran. It was Caporetto all over again, and one excellent version is to be found in Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms.* A still more succinct version is given in the following limerick:

> There was an old man who said, "Run,"
> At the start of the war with the Hun,
> And all of them ran
> As far as Milan
> Without ever discharging a gun.

Some people are trying to insult me by suggesting that my Italian friends are poor soldiers, but they forget that the Italians are very intelligent people, and they showed their intelligence by running away, refusing to fight for a cause of which they could not approve. But there were some hundreds of Italians who knew exactly what they were fighting for, the men of the loyalist army, and the members of the anti-fascist Garibaldi and Matteotti Battalions. They represent the spirit of the ancient Rome and of the New Italy which will succeed fascism.

Fighting beside Spanish comrades are the anti-fascists of many nations, and these men hurled back the fascist Italians toward headlong disaster. After the battle of Guadalajara, Mussolini knew that the fascists could not stand up to them, which persuaded the French and British governments that they need not be afraid of his bombast. That battle may have averted a general war.

When speaking across the Atlantic, I should be ungenerous if I did not mention the gratitude which every democracy in Europe owes to the young democracy of Mexico for its generous support of the Spanish Republic, both with arms and with money. I hope and believe that we shall never forget the debt which we owe to Mexico.

Remember that the world is small, and in giving help for delivering Europe from the tyranny of fascism you will not be unaffected. We who are fighting for democracy in Europe look westward and ask ourselves, "Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner still wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?" We ask you to remember that the Abraham Lincoln Battalion is fighting for the same liberties for which Americans fought at Lexington and Gettysburg, and we ask you to see that the descendants of the men of Lexington and Gettysburg, when they return to their homes, are given a square deal. We ask you to contribute liberally to the American medical units which are doing something to relieve the colossal suffering which is occurring among the people of Spain. We ask you to remember that the people of Spain—not only the men, but the women and children—are dying for you today, dying for the democracy in which you claim to believe.

If I could bring you over here for five minutes, you would return to rouse your nation against the monstrous injustices which are being inflicted upon a great and noble people.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

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Inside the Trotsky "Trial"

Two eye-witnesses report some strange doings at the "hearings," plus some comments on and off the record

By Marion Hammett and William Smith

COYOACAN, MEXICO.—For the past week, we have been sitting at the press table in the "court-room" at Trotsky's private home (a blue villa in Coyoacan, owned by Mrs. Diego Rivera and heavily guarded by police) listening to the investigation by the so-called impartial inquiry commission headed by Dr. John Dewey.

It was no easy matter for us to get into the hearings. One of us had credentials from the *Nacional,* a leading Mexican newspaper; a friend had a card from the *People's Press.* This made Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rumford Walker, handling publicity for the so-called inquiry commission, acutely suspicious.

"Very sorry," Mrs. Walker said, "but we cannot allow more than one reporter from the *Nacional,* especially since they gave us a very bad write-up yesterday." Mr. Walker was even more frank. "What kind of story are you going to write for the *People's Press?"* he asked. "Isn't your editor, Frank Palmer, a Communist?" [Frank Palmer is not a Communist.—Ed.] After considerable discussion, we were allowed in. But first we were frisked for hidden revolvers. None were found.

The "court-room" was large and at the end of a long table sat the investigating commission, including John Dewey and Carleton Beals. We also recognized Benjamin Stolberg and Suzanne LaFollette [well-known New York Trotskyites—ED.]. With them sat a German Trotskyite named Otto Rühle. At another table sat Trotsky himself. He looked younger than we had imagined he would—a lively man obviously full of his own importance. He was flanked by four secretaries. Opposite, at a third table, sat his attorney, the Chicago Trotskyite, Albert Goldman, and a Washington lawyer named John Finerty, engaged to act as the "prosecutor."

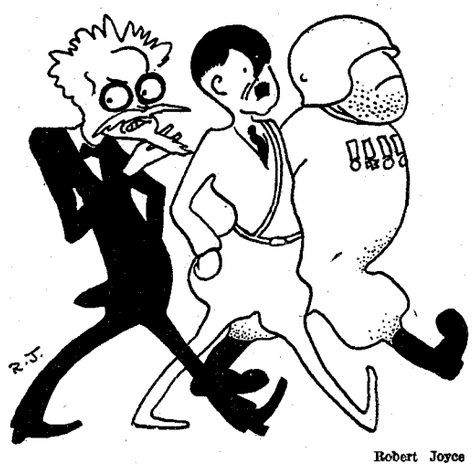
Between the "court" and the thirty spectators they had erected a railing. Among us sat plump Diego Rivera, famous Mexican painter, friend and follower of Trotsky. Mrs. Rivera, half-German, wore the national costume which urban Mexican women wear only at dances and fiestas. Tiny, dark, Peruvian Mrs. Beals sat near by, smiling. The rest were journalists and people who said they were friends of this or that member of the commission. Frank Kluckhohn of the New York *Times* was there, not in very good standing with the commission, he told us later, because of an article distasteful to Trotsky published days before these hearings began. The Mexican newspapermen were bored stiff, because they did not understand the proceedings, which were carried on in English, and the commission rejected a proposal for a Spanish translation. No Mexican organizations were represented. The National Revolutionary Party, the Mexican Federation of Labor, and the Communist Party all turned down invitations to send representatives.

Dr. Dewey opened the hearings by reading a declaration purporting to explain the reasons for the inquiry. The document said in effect that the commission was impartial; it believed the conscience of the world cannot be satisfied that Trotsky had actually caused the wrecking of Soviet trains or that he had plotted with Germany and Japan against the Soviet Union. The declaration further stated that Trotsky could not appear in any court to defend himself and therefore deserved some sort of hearing to prove his innocence. Dr. Dewey explained that the reason the inquiry was not held in a large, public place was because the commission did not want to throw upon the Mexican government the additional burden of defending Trotsky's life by special police contingents.

TROTSKY WAS EXAMINED by his attorney, Albert Goldman. The examination consisted in Trotsky's repeating Trotsky's version of the history of the Russian revolution.

Trotsky's evidence fell into two main categories: (1) argument from personality, devoted to showing that it was morally and psychologically impossible for him to have engaged in treasonable, counter-revolutionary activities; and (2) argument from "actual facts," designed to show by circumstance and "documentation" that Trotsky had not met or conspired with Moscow trial defendants.

Despite his promise to produce new and sensational evidence, Trotsky merely repeated his own statements which have already appeared in the Hearst press and other reactionary papers. The whole of the "evidence" placed before the "impartial" inquiry was submitted either by Trotsky himself or by Trotsky's friends, disciples, partisans, and secretaries. At no point of the proceedings was any attempt made to explain away the testimony of the thirty-three men who implicated Trotsky in the treasonable conspiracy against the Soviet Union, testimony for which most of them paid with their lives.



Robert Joyce

"I'm not with them. I just happen to be going in the same direction."

Trotsky's personality argument had two essential parts: First it was submitted that Trotsky's "long and brilliant" record as a revolutionary leader, and his many published statements opposing acts of individual terror, made it certain that such a man could not possibly be guilty as charged at the Moscow trials. Second, it was submitted that Trotsky's allies in the conspiracy—Kamenev, Zinoviev, Radek, and others—had by their "capitulations" to the Stalin regime earned Trotsky's scorn and hatred. It was therefore morally impossible for him, Trotsky contended, to have worked with men who had so debased themselves.

The "evidence" on all these points was more or less along the lines of Trotsky's denials which appeared in the press during the Moscow trials. Nothing new was submitted. To bolster these arguments, attorney Albert Goldman read into the record copious extracts from Trotsky's books and pamphlets and various statements by Lenin. Had not Lenin said that "Trotsky is one of the best Bolsheviks" in 1918, when Trotsky saw the folly and futility of trying to conciliate the clashing Bolshevik and Menshevik programs and ideologies?

Much of this so-called evidence was obviously focused to bring Trotsky safely into Lenin's orbit and to leave Stalin and other Soviet leaders outside. Attempting to answer the charge that he had attacked Lenin frequently, Trotsky either confessed that he had been mistaken or argued that his differences with Lenin had not been significant. Under attorney Goldman's direct questioning and John Finerty's "cross examination," this pleasant picture of Trotsky was carefully drawn.

During a recess in the hearings, Finerty was heard boasting to an American newspaper correspondent: "By God, when I do try a really hostile question, the man is so clever he turns it around perfectly."

At the same time that the examination painted a rosy portrait of Trotsky, it sought to blacken the Moscow defendants who had implicated him. Goldman read the list of the defendants and asked Trotsky to "tell the com-

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mission what you know about each one." Trotsky replied that Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Pyatakov were all "robots of the G.P.U." and that Radek "thinks with his tongue." He went on to describe Radek contemptuously as "a journalist with the nature of a journalist." What Radek "hears today," he said, "he writes tomorrow."

Trotsky further asserted that it had long been evident to him that Pyatakov would fail in the first serious crisis. Radek, he noted further, had praised Trotsky in 1923 and attacked him thirteen years later. Other Moscow trial defendants had been Mensheviks or "lackeys of capitalism." Out of the entire Russian revolution, Trotsky alone seemed to have emerged spotless. Again and again there was submitted as "evidence" the rhetorical question: could Leon Trotsky, "one of the best Bolsheviks," possibly league himself with such scum as Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Radek and plot counter-revolution with them?

Recalling the "withering away" of his followers through successive "capitulations" beginning in 1928, Trotsky had renounced his "former" allies for good, he told the commission. He further asserted that from the end of 1927 he never again saw, talked to, or communicated with any of the Moscow defendants. This was brought out by Attorney Goldman's direct examination. When questioned whether he had communicated with this or that individual, Trotsky shouted "Never!"—sometimes even before the question was finished. The commission had to warn Trotsky to wait till the question was asked before answering it. On this, as on all other points, the commission heard only Trotsky's version.

IN OTHER RESPECTS, however, Trotsky substantiated the Moscow trials. Declaiming to the inquiry commission, he denied that he advocated terrorism, but admitted he favored the overthrow of the Soviet government. The Soviet "bureaucracy," he said, could be overthrown only "by a new political revolution." If the Soviet government would oppose the masses, it would mean violence. Trotsky then pleaded that he was not "hungry for power," but would accept power in the Soviet Union "as an inevitable evil." When your ideas are victorious, he explained, "you must accept power." He then went on to say that the Soviet regime is "as close to capitalism as to socialism"; it has a "new dual function—to protect new forms of property against capitalism, and to exploit new forms of property on behalf of the bureaucracy."

Trotsky further declared that Stalin must be "eliminated," but not killed—unless he opposed a mass movement. The success of the Soviet Union, he said, depends upon a world revolution. A world war without a revolution "would result in the defeat of the Soviet Union."

More than once in his testimony, Trotsky called for a "new revolution" in Russia. For a long time, he said, "I believed it was possible to change things by peaceable means. But after the victory of Hitler I became convinced that

Woodcut by Morado

the Comintern was absolutely incapable of drawing the necessary conclusions from its greatest defeat. We must create the new slogan of a new revolutionary party in the Soviet Union." To those among the spectators who were not Trotskyites, such statements appeared to substantiate the findings of the Moscow trials.

THE INQUIRY COMMISSIONERS asked Trotsky some questions. Suzanne LaFollette's were so biased that even Dr. Dewey had to object.

"Mr. Trotsky," said Miss LaFollette, "this may perhaps seem unimportant, but many people have asked me this and I should like to ask you. If you were in Mr. Stalin's position, would the Moscow trials have been the same, and would you have acted as he did in regard to those condemned men?"

Trotsky did not have a chance to answer this "impartial" question, for Dr. Dewey interrupted to say: "We do not wish to know Mr. Trotsky's personal views except as they bear upon the evidence. Cross that question out of the record." Subsequently, the commission gave Trotsky a number of opportunities to express his personal views on several matters which had no bearing upon the evidence, including the Spanish civil war.

Most of Trotsky's answers consisted of references to his own books and pamphlets, which, he repeatedly stated, "are published in many, many languages." At one point he took considerable time to prove that one of his writings, referred to by Prosecutor Vyshinsky during the Moscow trials as a "little pamphlet," was not a little pamphlet at all but a full-sized book. He sent a secretary for a copy, and when it was brought in he called the commission's attention to the fact that it consisted of 106 pages. The commission did not commit itself as to whether this constituted a little pamphlet or a full-sized book.

On more important matters, Trotksy was either vague or contradictory. He was, for example, asked by his attorney if it is true that when a man is found guilty of a crime in the U.S.S.R., his entire family becomes implicated and is either tortured or killed. Trotsky replied that this is indeed so. "Is there actually a written law to that effect?" Dr. Dewey asked. Trotsky stammered a little, said he was certain there was such a law, and added that he knew of hundreds of cases where that law had been put into effect. Under further questioning, those hundreds of cases came down to two, one involving a Swiss, the other a Frenchman, Victor Serge [well-known French Trotskyite—ED.].

The commission appeared to accept this statement as proof of Trotsky's contention. Later, testifying that his son Sergei had recently been arrested in the Soviet Union, Trotsky said the boy, as a mathematician, was not at all interested in politics. Indeed, Trotsky added, it was precisely because Sergei had no interest in politics that he felt safe remaining in Russia. This seemed to contradict Trotsky's earlier assertion. If it is true that a written Soviet law holds a man's family responsible for his crimes, how could Trotsky's son feel safe remaining in Russia?

FROM THE BEGINNING of the hearings it was evident that there was a rift in the so-called impartial commission. Carleton Beals, for one, was willing to ask embarrassing questions. Trotsky and several others, Beals said, were ready to cede part of Russia to Germany in 1918. Is it not therefore possible that Trotsky might consider such a plan today? For the first time in the proceedings, Trotsky became badly flustered. No, no, he said; that earlier idea was to save Russia for socialism; it was a sacrifice worth making. Today it's different. Then, becoming angry, Trotsky blurted out that a man who had said and done what he had said and done all his life could not possibly think of such things. It would be duplicity of personality. "But," Beals insisted, "you consider Stalin's regime a bureaucracy and against all Marxist ideas." To this Trotsky replied again that his entire life was proof of the purity of his motives and actions.

Regarding his "secret archives," Trotsky once more assured the commission that it could see them all. Of course he could not tell in public, in front of all these thirty people, where his papers were concealed. Nazis in Norway had already stolen some of his papers; G.P.U. agents had stolen others in Paris. But he would tell the commission privately where the remaining papers were, and they could look through them. One of these valuable secret documents was finally submitted in evidence; it was an enormous, richly bound volume of the *Militant*, a Trotskyite paper published until recently in New York.

Carleton Beals persisted in asking unpleasant questions. "Isn't it possible," he wanted to know, "that Mr. Trotsky may have destroyed papers which might incriminate him?" Oh, no, Trotsky insisted; that was absolutely impossible, for then his papers would show a void, there would be discrepancies. For this, also, one had to take Trotsky's word.

On the second day of the hearings, the rift between Beals and the commission became

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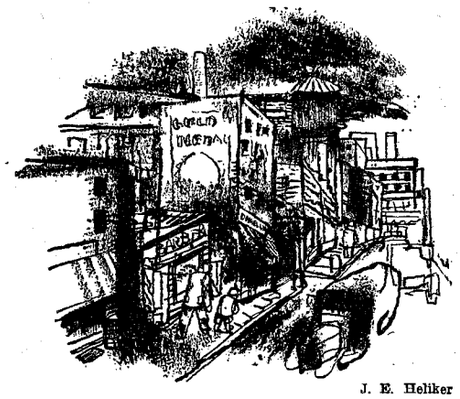
wider. He announced that a number of statements which Dr. Dewey had made on the first day, speaking for the commission as a whole, did not represent his, Beals's, views. In fact, he had not even been consulted before the commission's declaration was prepared. Beals then proceeded to read a statement of his own. He had joined the commission, he said, because he felt that an accused man ought to be given a chance to defend himself. But he wanted it distinctly understood that he had nothing against any government or any faction. He disagreed with the commission's statement that the guilt or innocence of the men condemned at the Moscow trials had nothing to do with the hearing in Mexico. No matter which way you looked at it, Beals said, the commission would have to proceed cautiously; if they exonerated Trotsky, they would automatically accuse the Soviet Union of condemning innocent men.

Dr. Dewey at once sprang to his feet. Beals, he said, had not been consulted in drawing up the commission's declaration because he had not been around to be consulted. Beals countered that he had been around, and yet they had failed to consult him. Later, we saw Suzanne LaFollette reprimanding Beals for his indiscretion. In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Dewey announced he had been in error and apologized to Beals. At the close of the day Beals did not ride home in the same car with the other members of the commission.

IT WAS ON the second day of the hearings that Beals asked Trotsky whether it was true that he had asked to be extradited from Mexico to the U.S.S.R. in order to stand trial. Yes, indeed; Trotsky had made such a request; he had published it in many newspapers; surely the Soviet authorities must have read it. "But," Beals insisted, "since no diplomatic relations exist between the Soviet Union and Mexico, isn't extradition impossible?" "Prosecutor" Finerty forgot his assigned role and sprang to Trotsky's defense. Extradition is possible, he said, despite the lack of diplomatic relations. This was not the only occasion when the "prosecutor" acted as defense counsel in the "trial."

During the passage-at-arms between Beals and Finerty—indeed, during the entire afternoon of April 12—Diego Rivera, sitting among the spectators, slept peacefully though by no means silently. Twice people had to nudge him because his snores rose above the voices of the speakers.

As the hearings continued, Trotsky became involved in more and more contradictions. Did he know a man named Dreitzer, one of the defendants in the Moscow trials? "Yes; he was one of the younger generation, a boy in the Red Army, a very fine lad." Yet later, when Dr. Dewey asked him whether Dreitzer had been his bodyguard, Trotsky not only contradicted himself but said something which seemed utterly incredible. It appeared that Trotsky did not know whether Dreitzer, that fine lad, had ever been his bodyguard. "Many men who wished to protect me," Trotsky explained, "came and offered their services as my guards, but *I did not know the names of any of them.*"



J. E. Heliker

Similarly, Trotsky gave contradictory answers regarding Blumkin. First he related how Blumkin was caught by the G.P.U. and shot. To impress this tragedy upon the commission, Trotsky described Blumkin as a dear friend of his. Later, in reply to another question, Trotsky described Blumkin as a mere acquaintance, and a very slight one at that.

Trotsky contradicted himself also in regard to Victor Serge. On the first day of the so-called inquiry, Trotsky had named Victor Serge as an alleged victim of the alleged Soviet law which holds a man's family guilty for his crimes. On the second day of the inquiry, Trotsky said he knew Victor Serge, but that Serge was not a Trotskyite. Toward the end of the day, however, Trotsky told another story. He described the house in which he stayed in Copenhagen—a small house, he said, only about five or six rooms. Trotsky was there "incognito," but dozens of people visited him—among them, he said, Victor Serge.

Among the people who did *not* visit him in Copenhagen, Trotsky asserted, were Holtzmann, Berman-Yuri, Fritz David, or any of the Moscow trial defendants. As "evidence," he offered depositions by friends who had been in and out of his house in Copenhagen from November 25 to December 2, 1932. These depositions, coming solely from Trotsky's partisans, asserted that Sedov Trotsky never came to his father's house in Copenhagen, much less brought Holtzmann or any other of the Moscow trial defendants. Several of Trotsky's disciples testified that they heard Trotsky or his wife telephone Sedov in Berlin almost every day.

Trotsky tried his best to disprove the statements of defendants at the Moscow trials regarding the Bristol Café and the meetings between his son Sedov and other conspirators. Attorney Goldman waved aloft a batch of papers, shouting, "This proves conclusively and without the least shadow of a doubt that Sedov had never been to Copenhagen, had never spoken to Holtzmann, Berman, or David, and that Mr. Trotsky could never have seen them!" The alleged conclusive evidence consisted of Sedov's passport, showing no visa to Denmark; copies of Mrs. Trotsky's telegrams to Herriot asking permission for Sedov to go to France; telegrams from various of Trotsky's followers, including Victor Serge, stating that they had been every day at Trotsky's house in Copenhagen and had heard Trotsky and his wife phone their son in Berlin.

"Do you have any of the telephone bills?" asked Beals.

"No, we have not," one of Trotsky's secretaries, Emil Fraenkle, replied. "We were there only a short time and the owner allowed us these."

"But, Mr. Trotsky," Beals persisted, "you claim that Sedov could not have visited you in Copenhagen because his passport shows no Danish visa. Yet you admitted that Sedov came to Berlin illegally. Couldn't he have gotten a Danish visa under another name and come to Copenhagen illegally?"

Trotsky replied merely that Sedov would not have dared to compromise his father so, and Attorney Goldman read from the Moscow trial proceedings a statement by Olberg that he and Sedov were supposed to go to Copenhagen, but the plan fell through. Goldman then produced the photo of the Bristol Café published recently in *Soviet Russia Today*, and laughed at this "ridiculous, trumped-up Communist business." He quoted friends who had stayed with Trotsky in Copenhagen to the effect that there was no such place. As further "evidence," he quoted letters from Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Field. [These were until recently active New York Trotskyites and now run their own little anti-Soviet sect.—Ed.] The Fields asserted that they had been in Copenhagen and knew the Grand Hotel had no entrance into the Bristol Café, the latter being several doors away from the hotel. Some of us at the press table were struck by the admission that there was a Bristol Café at all, even near the hotel. Attorney Goldman then pointed to the photo in *Soviet Russia Today* and said it was obvious that it had been retouched.

[In a statement to the NEW MASSES, Jessica Smith, editor of *Soviet Russia Today*, declared: "The picture of the Café Bristol in Copenhagen published in the March issue of *Soviet Russia Today* is genuine. We obtained this picture as follows: A Northern Press Service bulletin from Copenhagen stated that while it was true that the Hotel Bristol had been closed, there was in Copenhagen, at the time Holtzmann said he had his interview with Sedov, a Café Bristol, right next to the Grand Hotel Copenhagen and having a common entrance with it; it was therefore natural, the press bulletin said, for Holtzmann to have spoken of the 'Hotel' Bristol as the rendezvous. In order to check on the existence of the Café Bristol, *Soviet Russia Today* cabled to the Northern Trust in Copenhagen asking for a picture of the Café Bristol showing the hotel entrance. We received this picture on February 22 direct from Copenhagen by radio-photo through the services of the Radio Corporation of America. The photo clearly showed the sign 'Konditori Bristol' and the entrance of the Grand Hotel Copenhagen next door. We still have a copy of the original radio-photo as received from R.C.A. We shall be glad to show it to anyone interested. Anyone who wishes to go to the trouble may, by cabling to Copenhagen, ascertain the existence of the Café Bristol." THE EDITORS.]

ON TUESDAY, APRIL 13, the "examination" concentrated on Romm. Attorney Goldman kept referring to him as Victor Romm, and

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had to be reminded several times that the *Izvestia's* correspondent's name is Vladimir. Trotsky insisted, as he had earlier in statements to the press, that he had never heard of Romm until the Moscow trials. In fact, he never read *Izvestia.* Only foreigners thought *Izvestia* worth reading. When Trotsky wanted Russian news he read *Pravda,* the New York *Times,* or private reports.

To show that he could not possibly have met Romm outside of Paris, Trotsky traced along a map on the wall the alleged details of his trip from Constantinople to Paris. He arrived in Marseilles on July 24, 1933, he said, and drove to a rented villa in St. Palais. He remained there "incognito," but again, as in Copenhagen, had some fifty visitors. Statements submitted by his friends and disciples said that Trotsky did not leave his rented villa in St. Palais for Paris or the Bois de Boulogne until October. So how could he have met Romm some time in July? Besides, Trotsky argued, the French Sûreté (national police) kept close tabs on him. Their official reports, he said, could settle the whole controversy, for they knew his every move.

At this point Frank Kluckhohn of the New York *Times* passed a note to Dr. Dewey asking whether the French police would report on Trotsky's movements during his stay in France. Alas, no, Trotsky replied; the French government did not want to offend Moscow. Apparently the inquiry commission would simply have to take his own word for it.

The question of Pyatakov's flight to see Trotsky in Oslo was handled in a similar manner. Trotsky submitted a written statement from an employee at the Oslo airport, saying that no foreign airplane had landed there between September 1935 and May 1936. How, then, could Pyatakov have flown from Berlin to Oslo on December 10? But again, unfortunately, this statement was not official. The Norwegian government also wanted no complications with Moscow, and again you had to take Trotsky's word for it.

During the intermission, a plumpish, ruddy-faced gentleman got into an argument with one of your correspondents. He sat next to us at the press table and we assumed he was a newspaperman. But he appeared to have some strong feelings about the "trial." "The French revolution," he declared sententiously, "shot them at twenty; Russia shoots them at forty; revolutions are like that." This gentleman turned out to be the novelist James T. Farrell [on record as a partisan of Trotsky—ED.]. Later, one of us visited the house in which the inquiry commission lives, and found Farrell there.

Part of last Thursday's proceedings were taken up with long disquisitions by Trotsky about the U.S.S.R., world revolution, and his own alleged policies. Evidently he was trying to make a good impression on capitalist countries, the U.S.A. in particular.

"When you were in the Soviet Union," Attorney Goldman asked him, "did you feel that you could not deal with a capitalist state?" No, Trotsky never felt anything of the kind. "Did you ever plan to get the Red Army, when you were in power, to overthrow other capitalist countries?" No, never. "In your writings and in your personal views, haven't you always been against war?" Yes, Trotsky had always been against war; the more revolutionary a party is, he said, the less it wants war.

A moment later, however, Trotsky propounded a slightly different idea. It now appeared that Hitler would never have come to power if the Soviet Union had helped the German Communists. Otto Rühle, former German Social Democrat and now a Trotskyite, exercised his prerogative as an "impartial" commissioner by supporting Trotsky's statement. Whenever Beals asked an unpleasant question, this same "impartial" commissioner would murmur, "Mein Gott, mein Gott!"

Attorney Goldman also asked his client about his views on the Spanish situation. Trotsky said that even if Spain had not asked for assistance, Russia should have given her all the aid possible. By lying down on the job, the Soviet Union had failed. It struck us at this moment that, after all, Trotsky did not read the New York *Times,* but we failed to grasp another implication of this answer until later.

Indeed, we had little time to consider the matter, for Trotsky launched into an extended oration about the origins of his opposition to the Soviet Union. Impartial commissioner Suzanne LaFollette visibly melted with delight and impartial commissioner Benjamin Stolberg tittered approval. Trotsky flung the usual epithets against Stalin and the "bureaucracy," and quoted that great authority on the Soviet Union, Liam O'Flaherty, to show that foreign writers were bribed by the Soviet authorities.

[Liam O'Flaherty, in his book on the U. S. S. R., tells of having received 8000 rubles for translations of his work published in the Soviet Union. Subsequently, he received a greater sum in Hollywood for a film based on his novel, *The Informer.*—ED.].

Later, Trotsky admitted that he had once repudiated "Lenin's testament" as false. But that repudiation, he added, was an untruth which he told for "diplomatic reasons." In modern civilization, he added with his penchant for aphorisms, "everybody is obliged from time to time not to tell the truth." John Finnerty then asked whether this admission should not be taken into account in the present hearings, and Trotsky replied: "The commission should not consider me an angel."

Martin

John Finerty, acting for the commission as "prosecuting" attorney, opened the session of Friday, April 16, by saying that he and the commissioners, in their cross examination, were going to treat Trotsky as a hostile witness. But all through the cross examination, "Prosecutor" Finerty did everything in his power to help Trotsky make his answers stronger. Throughout the so-called cross examination, Finerty would say to Trotsky: you really mean so-and-so, don't you, Mr. Trotsky? Then the "prosecutor" would put Trotsky's original answer into better English and make it sound much stronger. Here is an example verbatim:

FINERTY: You mean that actually now Mr. Stalin has become a victim of the bureaucracy he created, do you not, Mr. Trotsky?

TROTSKY: Yes, the bureaucracy is bigger than he is now.

FINERTY: In other words, these people who framed the trial could really frame another against him? As for the bureaucracy being greater than Mr. Stalin—you mean sort of a Frankenstein, do you not? He had created something bigger than he is?

TROTSKY (gayly): Yes, yes.

Later, Finerty asked: "The new Soviet constitution gives the secret vote. How far do you imagine this will go?"

"About like Hitler's in Germany," Trotsky replied. "People kept expecting Hitler would change, but he hasn't."

This kind of "cross examination" was in full swing when Beals asked another of his unpleasant questions. However, since the day appeared to be devoted to politics, rather than the truth or untruth of the charges made at the Moscow trial, the question seemed pertinent.

"I have been requested," Beals said, "to ask you why you wrote for Hearst."

"Never!" Trotsky exclaimed. "Even when I had to give out the news releases after the Moscow trials I said definitely that no Hearst representatives must be there."

Trotsky was then asked about his own phrase about "removing Stalin," which Ambassador Troyanovsky quoted from an article signed by Trotsky in the Hearst press.

"Never, never," Trotsky insisted. "Troyanovsky should know better." Here Trotsky launched into violent abuse of Troyanovsky, Soviet ambassador to the United States.

"But, Mr. Trotsky," the questioner persisted, "about a month ago articles appeared in the Hearst press signed 'By Leon Trotsky.' So you mean that these were printed without your consent?"

"Yes," Trotsky replied. "All my press releases were given out with my name, but not to Hearst."

The correspondent of the Universal Service,

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Hearst news agency, sitting at the press table, looked furious. Dr. Dewey, always ready to defend Trotsky, interposed: "I do not think this important, I wish to ask another question." Beals, however, kept on and asked Trotsky: "How about 1930?" Trotsky hedged. "Well," he said, "I have a literary agent. At that time I did not know what Hearst stood for and I do not know what my literary agent does."

Later, by accident, the Hearst correspondent rode from Coyoacan to Mexican City in the same auto with Dr. Dewey and James T. Farrell.

"About this Hearst matter," the correspondent said to Dr. Dewey, "I know for a fact that the Hearst papers did *not* steal Trotsky's articles, as Trotsky claims. I also know that the Hearst press has promised to buy new articles written by him!"

"But Mr. Trotsky says . . ." Dewey said feebly.

"I know better," the Hearst correspondent interrupted.

During the so-called cross examination, Trotsky made a long and bitter speech to the effect that all American writers, painters, intellectuals, and others who approve of the Soviet Union actually receive money from Moscow for doing so. Many such bribes, he said, are given every year. The NEW MASSES, he said, "is paid for by the bureaucratic government of Russia; they receive much money for what they do." The NEW MASSES, Trotsky added, is "an unofficial organ of the G.P.U." [The NEW MASSES is financed solely by its friends and readers in the United States. Our books, checked regularly by a certified public accountant, are open to inspection.—THE EDITORS.]

During a recess, James T. Farrell told us that it was foolish for Trotsky to take such a strong stand on this point. Several other Trotsky sympathizers told us they knew the charge against pro-Soviet American intellectuals and the NEW MASSES was absurd. During the farcical cross examination, one of Trotsky's companions, a chap whose name, as far as we could gather, was Soloff or Solow, kept saying aloud: "My god, they're killing it, they're killing it." He seemed to realize that Finerty's method of defending Trotsky under the guise of prosecuting him gave the entire show away. He tried to remedy this by improving the show, attempting to give it the semblance of a real investigation. Soloff or Solow came to Beals and suggested that he ask certain effective questions. By this time Beals was thoroughly disgusted, and said he was not going to bother.

THE OPEN CRISIS in the hearings came when Beals asked Trotsky: "What year during your Russian power did the discussion come up whether a world revolution should arise or a socialist state in Russia alone?"

Surprisingly, Trotsky replied with perfect blandness: "Never."

"In 1919 or 1920," Beals persisted, "Borodin came to Mexico to start the first Communist Party here and said he was your emissary."

Soriano

"Tell your informant he is a liar," Trotsky replied.

Beals looked startled for a moment, smiled, and said: "My informant was Borodin himself."

The question about Borodin had a definite point, we learned subsequently. At the end of Friday's session, Finerty walked over to Beals and reproved him for that question. "It was irrelevant," Finerty said. Beals pointed out that nearly all the questions which the "prosecution" had asked Trotsky that day and which the witness had answered had to do with Trotsky's opinions. Beals then explained the significance of his question about Borodin. He wanted to show that Trotsky *did* plan a world revolution, and intended to follow this with questions as to how Trotsky today keeps in touch with his followers in the Soviet Union.

"Trotsky brings out his writings to prove his points," Beals told Finerty. "He says my story of Borodin is unfounded. I will show you my article about Borodin, published many years ago, to substantiate my statement."

"It still has nothing to do with the point," Finerty insisted.

"If you are really Trotsky's attorney—and I've begun to think so this afternoon . . ." Beals began.

Finerty interrupted angrily: "I don't want to speak to you except as I must address you at the commission."

"You needn't bother," Beals said. "If you people don't realize how you have played into Trotsky's hands . . ."

Beals grabbed his hat. Suzanne LaFollette burst into tears. Ben Stolberg said: "Now Carleton . . ." Dr. Dewey went pale. Subsequently we discovered that Beals was further infuriated by a statement which Diego Rivera had made. Rivera, translating the proceedings for several Mexicans present, told them that Beals had asked unpleasant questions because "he is in the pay of the G.P.U."

ON APRIL 17, Beals resigned from the commission, handing it a letter which read:

> Kindly accept my irrevocable resignation from the commission. This step is for the best interests of Mr. Trotsky, the commission, and myself. The important purpose among others for which I became a member of the commission, namely to give Mr. Trotsky the opportunity which every accused person should have, to present his full case to the world, has been fulfilled to the extent possible with the present arangements. Unfortunately I do not consider the proceedings of the commission a truly serious investigation of the charges. For this and other reasons my further participation in the work of the commission, now that the sessions have been completed, would not prove fruitful.

Following Beals's resignation, Attorney Goldman issued a statement saying that while he and his client favored an investigation by absolutely impartial persons, they "don't want persons who are friends of the accusers in Moscow, who support directly or indirectly the accusations as true or partially true."

Trotsky's statement on the resignation of Beals followed expected lines. He denied that he had ever had any personal relations with Borodin and questioned Beals's personal integrity. He thought that through an investigation of Beals "a new amalgam would be discovered, a new amalgam created with the purpose of preventing me from unmasking the judicial crimes of Moscow." If Beals himself is not consciously and directly involved in this new intrigue, Trotsky said, "he must hasten to present all the necessary explanation in order to permit the commission to unmask the true source of the intrigue."

The statements issued by Goldman and Trotsky made it clear that the "trial" must contain no questions disagreeable to the "defendant." Trotsky also attacked Beals on the ground that the question about Borodin had nothing to do with the trial. Several of us then wondered whether Trotsky's criticism of Soviet policy in Spain did have anything to do with the trial.

WHATEVER EFFECTS the farce of Coyoacan may have in the United States, the reactions of Mexican labor have been entirely negative. The general feeling here is that nothing in the "trial" conducted by Trotsky in his own home has disproved the confessions made at the Moscow trials. It merely gave Trotsky a rostrum from which to repeat his bitter attacks upon the Soviet Union, published "in many, many languages," before representatives of the press and the gathering of friends and followers who composed the so-called impartial commission of inquiry.

The Socialist Lawyers' Front in Mexico had appointed a special committee to investigate the charges and counter-charges made in connection with the Moscow trials, it was revealed by Luis B. Varela, general secretary of the Front. This organization of leading Mexican judges and jurists offered to hear Trotsky's case in March, but he rejected the offer on the score that several members of the Front were Communists.

In a statement to your correspondents, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, head of the Mexican Workers' Confederation (C.T.M.), explained why these trade unions refused to send a representative to Trotsky's trial of himself. "The high standing and prestige of the C.T.M.," he said, "made it impossible for us to accept the invitation to attend the so-called trial of Trotsky."

On April 18, Beals issued a statement to the press charging Dr. John Dewey with distorting the meaning of his resignation from the

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so-called commission of inquiry. Beals declared that to label the efforts of the commission "as an investigation is to sully a fair word." His statement read in part:

> The hushed adoration of the other members of the commission for Mr. Trotsky throughout the hearings has defeated all spirit of honest investigation. When our lawyer, Mr. Finerty, got through with his long-winded and meaningless examination of Trotsky, the Russian leader actually had wings sprouting from his shoulders. The methods thus far followed by the commission have been a schoolboy joke, and I do not wish further to be a party to something so utterly ridiculous. Thus far no investigations have been conducted, but merely a pink tea party with everyone but myself uttering sweet platitudes. . . .

Beals explained that his resignation had nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of Trotsky. He is just as much in the dark today, Beals said, as he was when he joined the commission. He was merely passing a fair judgment on the commission and its "intolerable methods."

> Dr. Dewey is not stating the truth [Beals said] when he declares that I had full liberty to question the accused. From the very first, the other members of the commission and Mr. Finerty sought ways in which to curb my liberty of action. The very first day I was told my questions were improper. The final cross examination was put in a mold that prevented any search for the truth. I was taken to task for quizzing Trotsky about his archives. My questions were considered unfortunate "because Mr. Trotsky answered badly," and it should not be publicly stated, I was told, that most of his documents were merely copies. The other commissioners repeatedly interrupted my questioning in order to destroy its efficacy. Dr. Dewey lifted the April 16 session before I had a chance to complete my line of questioning, and immediately called a meeting to take me to task for my questions. I was not consulted about the procedure of the trial and was not in harmony with the obvious effort to save time at the expense of getting at the truth, or with the obvious effort to forestall any serious cross examination of the master. Nor was I consulted regarding the scope and purpose of the trial, and had to register my public disapprovol.

Beals said that the only evidence garnered by the commission at this crucial stage in the so-called investigation are some additional documents, "not all of them trustworthy," regarding the Pyatakov and Romm incidents. Aside from that, Beals said, the evidence consisted of Trotsky's published writings, which could have been bought in New York or consulted at the library without having put the commission to the cost of its fruitless trip to Mexico.

"The cross examination," Beals continued, "consisted of allowing Trotsky to spout propaganda charges with eloquence and wild denunciations, with only rare efforts to make him prove his assertions. The work of the commission has largely consisted in an effort to fill in the gaps left by Mr. Trotsky's own attorney in the proving of Trotsky's case."

Beals pointed out that Trotsky was given five days and a half to present his case, but that cross examination by the commission lasted only a day and a half. One day of that time, he said, was largely taken up by "a banal cross examination" by Finerty on the history and politics of the Russian revolution "conducted in such kindergarten fashion and with such eager adoration for Mr. Trotsky by the commissioners as to make the proceedings the laughing-stock of any intelligent person." The rest of the commission's time, Beals said, was spent in pointless erudite questions on dialectics and other matters little related to the Moscow trials. There was no valid attempt, he added, to determine guilt or innocence.

"How can I possibly pass on the guilt or innocence of Trotsky," Beals asked, "if the very foundations of the commission's work are eaten with the termites of partiality? No fumbling over documents in New York can overcome the commission's errors already committed here in Mexico. For me to bring in any other minority report than that of my resignation would be to commit a grave injustice to Mr. Trotsky. The commission henceforth can do him only serious harm, more serious harm than the Moscow trials. And the one and only proved accusation against Mr. Trotsky in my mind is that he was and still is willing to be a party to such trickery. The commission may pass its bad check on to the public, but I will not lend my name to the possibility of further childishness similar to that already committed."

Replying to a statement by Trotsky denouncing Beals as a "Stalinist agent," Beals said, "Trotsky knows I am the only member of the commission not stricken dumb with admiration for him, and that I am merely seeking the truth. Trotsky's haste to insinuate that I am a G.P.U. agent, his wild denunciation that almost everyone who disagreed with him was such an agent, in the case of anyone except such a brilliant mind as Trotsky's, would indicate incipient paranoia. In his case such foolish imputations are merely the product of a persecution complex."

The End of the Strip-Tease

Maurice Becker

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Satan Comes to Eden

The remarks of the young British foreign minister on the Bilbao episode smack of the brimstone of Civil War days

By Robert Forsythe

THE faculty of the British for fashioning parallels which prove the opposite of the truth was perfectly exemplified last week in Anthony Eden's words regarding the English policy on the blockade of Bilbao. He compared Britain's action on Spain with the policy of the same government during the American Civil War. What he omitted to say was that the English action in 1861 was the most flagrantly vicious international doctrine ever ventured upon among great powers. Not only were its deeds denounced as disgraceful by a tribunal which acted upon the *Alabama* case after the war, but England was forced to pay an indemnity of $15,500,000 in gold.

The parallel between the decision of the European powers, including England and France, to deny the legally constituted Spanish government its elementary rights under international law after the Franco-fascist rebellion, and the action of the British government and Napoleon III toward the North in the American Civil War, is too apt to be ignored, but it proves exactly what Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill would like you not to believe. The simple truth is that the British government during the American Civil War did its utmost to assist the South, utilizing reasoning of such speciousness, and actual deeds of such dishonesty that the historian who now examines the evidence is overwhelmed by the conviction that no nation was ever so betrayed by a supposedly friendly power as the loyalist government of the United States of America was by the British. The lesson for the friends of loyalist Spain is too evident to be lightly regarded.

At the outbreak of the American Civil War, Charles Francis Adams was sent to London by President Lincoln to represent the loyal government at the all-important English court. With him went his son, Henry Adams, as his secretary. The evidence I am about to repeat may be found in *The Education of Henry Adams,* and might be read by all innocent believers with profit. Mr. Adams, the American minister, arrived in England after a voyage of three weeks to find that Lord John Russell had anticipated his arrival by recognizing the belligerency of the Confederacy.

England had been a vigorously anti-slavery country, and the Adamses felt that they were to be among friends. They found instead "the sentiment of anti-slavery had disappeared. . . . Russell had received the rebel emissaries . . . in order to fix the position of the British Government in advance. The recognition of independence would then become an understood policy; a matter of time."

The action of Germany and Italy in formally recognizing the Franco government is well remembered. What is not so well known is that the British government, since the outbreak of the Spanish revolt, has been held back from granting belligerency status to the rebels only by the strong protest of France. According to dispatches at the time of the Bilbao blockade debate, the New York newspapers reported that England had again urged France to yield on the point, but without success.

The documented history reported by Henry Adams following the reception of his father in London must be read to be believed. The hatred of all things Northern was so great in England that "London was altogether beside itself on one point, in especial; it created a nightmare of its own, and gave it the shape of Abraham Lincoln. Behind this it placed another demon, if possible more devilish, and called it Mr. Seward. In regard to these two, English society seemed demented. . . . One's best friends were as unreasonable as enemies, for the belief in poor Mr. Lincoln's brutality and Seward's ferocity became a dogma."

To concrete evidence presented by Minister Adams that cruisers being built in English yards were destined for the Confederate navy, the British ministers (Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Gladstone) declined to act on the affidavits. "New evidence was sent in every few days, and with it, on July 24, 1862, was included Collier's legal opinion: 'It appears difficult to make out a stronger case of infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which, if not enforced on this occasion, is little better than a dead letter.' Such language implied almost a charge of collusion with the rebel agents—an intent to aid the Confederacy. In spite of this warning, Lord Russell let the ship, four days afterwards, escape."

The collusion between the British government and the rebel aids was an open scandal, and dozens of ships were built in the English yards and allowed to escape to the Confederates while the officers of the king obligingly winked their eyes. But far worse was to come. The evidence is now complete (from letters published after the death of Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone) that a definite plot was on foot to recognize the independence of the Confederates and throw the weight of the British empire definitely on the side of the rebels. Gladstone made his famous speech at Newcastle in which he uttered the ominous words: "There is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made, what is more than either—they have made a nation."

Behind the scenes the plot was building. Russell wrote to Palmerston: "I agree with you that the time is come for offering mediation to the United States Government with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Confederates. I agree further that in case of failure, we ought ourselves to recognize the Southern States as an independent state."

In the Newcastle speech, Gladstone uttered one of the most hypocritical phrases ever employed by a nation famed for hypocrisy. *"They are making, it appears, a navy. . . ."* Henry Adams commented on this: "No one knew so well as he that he and his own officials and friends at Liverpool were alone 'making' a rebel navy, and that Jefferson Davis had next to nothing to do with it. As chancellor of the exchequer he was the minister most interested in knowing that Palmerston, Russell, and himself were banded together by mutual pledge to make the Confederacy a nation. . . ."

The procedure, therefore, by which Anthony Eden seeks to make the throat-cutting efforts of the British government in the American Civil War serve as a precedent for starving the children of Bilbao would be something short of hilarious even if invented by Dean Swift. It is impossible in this brief space to tell the complete story of England's intervention against loyalist United States in the Civil War, but it is there to be read in Henry Adams's words. The strange story of the intervention of England against loyalist Spain will eventually come to light. The parallels are complete in almost every instance. As Henry Adams points out, the aim of Britain was to strangle a possible future great rival by dividing it. Russell and Gladstone were anxious (the evidence of their own correspondence shows) to make a deal with Napoleon III by which the United States would revert to its status of an English colony while England would help the French to get established in Mexico. Like Antietam, Briheuga seems to have altered world thinking about Spain.

The hatred of all things Spanish-loyalist in London ruling circles in the early days of the revolt was exactly a counterpart of the hatred of Lincoln. Everything checks up, even to the fantastic inspired cables that General Miaja is to be a supreme dictator over both leftists and rightists or that this is the time for mediation (by which, supposedly, General Franco will be content to retire as postmaster of Alicante and Largo Caballero will have the Remington-Rand account for Catalonia). It is all part of the greater British game, whereby the great honorable nation will deal with pitch, devil, and murderer for the empire.

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Covering the News

Covering the events of the week ending April 19, 1937

AMERICANS received an object lesson during the week in the ridiculous lengths to which Red-baiting and anti-alien sentiment can be carried when Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn of Toronto refused to negotiate with United Automobile Workers' organizer Hugh Thompson of Detroit, calling the American a "paid foreign agitator." Not only did Hepburn raise the old Red scare, but he also prevented a settlement of the Canadian General Motors strike and threatened to cause a crisis in the Ontario government by his opposition to fellow cabinet-members Croll and Roebuck. Meanwhile, Canadian labor rallied behind the workers against Hepburn: the Toronto Trades & Labor Council pledged the support of its forty thousand members to the General Motors strikers. Homer Martin, U.A.W. president, flew from Detroit to Toronto, where he roundly attacked the anti-labor Premier and declared that General Motors "will sign an agreement, and I expect it will be all right soon. Or, perhaps, I should say it had better be right soon." As the strike continued, completely effective, General Motors officials ignored the question of recognition and merely offered slight wage increases to the striking workers. With the deadlock dragging on in Canada, union officials in the United States were reported to be considering a general strike of 110,000 American workers unless General Motors agreed to recognition of the union across the border.

Aside from the Canadian auto situation, the week in labor was relatively quiet, with the exception of a highly significant flareup in New York City, where seamen won their second major victory of the year. The event occurred when the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey was forced to recognize the progressive-controlled Marine Firemen, Oilers, & Watertenders, in an action which affected all of the 150 ships under the company's control. Earlier in the same day, the International Mercantile Marine Co., owner of the largest passenger and freight fleet flying American colors, reached an agreement with seamen and the American Radio Telegraphists' Assn., thus ending a sit-down strike on two vessels, the *President Roosevelt* and the *California*. Seamen on the western and Gulf coasts hailed the victories as significant extensions of the gains won earlier in the year on the Pacific.

GOOD news for labor came from Hershey, Pa., where, a week ago, company thugs and American Legion-led farmers assaulted and evicted sit-down strikers from the "model" chocolate plant. Affairs took a more heartening turn with the report that Hershey Co. officials had been forced to sign an agreement guaranteeing an election to be held in the plants to determine whether the Chocolate Workers' Union (C.I.O.) or the company-controlled "Loyal Workers' Club" would represent the men in future collective bargaining. The candy workers were elated, since most of them already belong to the C.I.O. union.

On the auto front, Henry Ford issued another of his periodical vague statements about "raising wages" in an effort to forestall further unionization of his plants by the U.A.W. The union, meanwhile, was still working determinedly for the time when its slogan, "Tomorrow Ford," would be put into effect.

RECOVERING somewhat from the shock of the Supreme Court's decisions upholding the Wagner act, American reactionaries spent the week advancing other ways to skin the cat of militant trade unionism. Congressmen refrained for the most part from making official attempts to counteract the effects of the Court's action, pending some indication of the President's attitude, but the Washington air was heavy with threats to labor's victory. Chiefly these threats took two forms: a proposed amendment to the Wagner act calling for forced arbitration of labor disputes by a government agency, with severe restrictions on the right to strike; and a drive to force the incorporation of unions, which would in effect expose them to the tender mercies of reactionary federal district courts.

Playing directly into the hands of the "economic royalists," Secretary of Labor Perkins, reportedly on her own initiative, invited labor and employer representatives to meet in Washington to discuss further steps. The Perkins move was condemned in progressive circles for providing the industrialists with a national sounding-board for their reactionary schemes. The liberal and radical press scored the implication that the Wagner act needed to be balanced by further concessions to capital. "You cannot balance an unbalanced see-saw," said the New York *Post,* "by adding the same weight to both ends."

Lester Pelakov

Premier Hepburn—He saw Red

Conservatives made every effort to use the Wagner decisions as an argument against President Roosevelt's program to enlarge the Supreme Court, but there was no sign that the administration was prepared to compromise. If anything, the decisions aided proponents of the plan, who used them to emphasize the need for putting the legislative acts of Congress beyond the whim of one judge. Senator McCarran (D., Nev.) was quick to offer an amendment that would add two members to the Supreme Court and exempt it from the retirement features contained in the President's proposal, but his effort made no dent in the administration front. "Why compromise when we have the votes to win?" asked Senator Byrnes (D., N. C.). "I have never heard of a man retreating when he is winning," was Senator Ashurst's (D., Ariz.) comment. Speaking more officially for the administration, Attorney General Cummings saw no possibility of compromise while four of the justices continued to stand as a "battalion of death against all major social legislation." And Secretary of Agriculture Wallace declared that "from the standpoint of farmers these decisions have made enactment of the President's plan of judiciary reform more imperative than ever before."

FAR-REACHING as they were, the Wagner decisions were forced to share the week's Washington spotlight with the grave menace of relief cuts. In what was regarded as a preliminary to his forthcoming budget message, the President urged drastic economies in all administrative departments, and made it plain that income from taxation was far below expectations. Rather than resort to further taxation in the higher brackets, the President announced his intention of asking Congress for a relief amendment of only $1,500,000,000, a slash of more than a billion dollars from last year's appropriation. In announcing the President's expected proposal, Senator Robinson added ominously that "some members of the conference felt that this amount might be reduced to a billion." Indications of the battle to come were immediately forthcoming when Representative Boileau, floor leader of the progressive bloc in the House, declared: "There are at least 3,000,000 employables in the country, all of whom should have W.P.A. jobs. It will take $3,000,000,000 for such a program." And Representative Maverick warned that if the W.P.A. budget were fixed at less than $2,000,000,000, the country "would be headed for another depression."

The only concrete accomplishment of the congressional week was the smashing victory in the House for the Gavagan anti-lynching bill. In a session marked by sectional bitterness and flagrant anti-Negro prejudice, the House passed the measure, which provides federal fines or prison sentences for peace offi-

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cers who permit a prisoner to be taken from them and then injured or killed. The bill also provides for suits against the guilty officials. At first opponents of the Gavagan bill were content to hide behind "states' rights," but before the battle was over the chairman of the judiciary committee, Representative Sumners (D., Tex.), was hinting darkly of a South that "has a racial problem that most of you gentlemen know nothing of." Representative Rankin (D., Miss.) denounced the bill as a "demagogic aspersion" on the South, and Representative Cox (D., Ga.), growing hysterical, shrieked that "the South will never surrender its racial lines." What Rankin called an "aspersion" turned out to have a basis in grim reality in his own state, where two Negroes were chained to a tree, tortured with blow-torches, and finally burned to death. The lynchings in Rankin's state proved more eloquent than the Southern statesmen, and the bill was passed by a vote of 277 to 118. Among the Southern Democrats, only Maverick of Texas voted for the bill. An even more bitter struggle was foreseen in the Senate, where the measure has already been condemned by "States' Rights" Borah as an "effort to force through Congress an unjust, unconstitutional and, in my opinion, an unmoral measure."

That mob rule is confined for the most part to the South is no fault of New York's George U. Harvey, borough president of Queens and would-be mayor. At a rally held under the auspices of the American Association Against Communism, Harvey served notice that if he were elected mayor he would immediately repudiate his oath of office and incite lawlessness. Longing for a chance to direct New York's police, Harvey told his fascist audience, "I'd guarantee there wouldn't be a single Communist left in New York. I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say, 'Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose and don't bring any of them back to the station house!' " Sharing the platform with former Ku-Klux Klansman Harvey was Alfred E. Smith and Liberty League leader Raoul Desvernines. Lighting up his declining years with a flash of the old wit, Mr. Smith put the question: "If they don't like this country, why do they stay here?"

FIVE British ships, loaded with enough precious food to feed the 340,000 hungry mouths in Bilbao, besieged Basque capital, for two entire months, were ordered back to England just as resolute Basque militiamen succeeded in stopping the insurgent drive on the peaks of Mount Saibi, last of a great range protecting Durango, key to Bilbao, and the Basque capital itself. In London, parliamentary spokesmen of the Labor Party raged against the policy enunciated by Foreign Minister Anthony Eden: "We hope that British merchant ships at St. Jean de Luz will not go to Bilbao because we do not think it safe for them." "Franco is seeking to starve women and children, and the British government is helping him out," stormed C. R. Attlee of the

Blum—Defended his government

Labor Party. The Tory government commanded enough strength to defeat a Labor motion of censure on its Spanish policy by 345 to 130, but not before the world learned that British imperialism was trying to do what Franco's arms could not.

Another active front was Teruel, 150 miles east of Madrid, where a loyalist offensive was making headway against a rebel salient which threatened communications between Catalonia and Valencia by driving to the sea. Virtual stalemate still dominated the Madrid front, with government troops chiefly occupied in keeping the rebel garrison in the Casa de Campo in strict isolation and with the insurgent command bent on breaking the siege within a siege. Most of the activity on the Cordoba front was initiated by rebel troops, ordered to regain territory lost in the last month to the People's Army, but the latter held tight to the important mountain positions commanding the highway northwest of Cordoba.

For the first time in history, a scheme went into effect whereby neutral nations hoped to confine a war within a limited territory by forbidding the shipment of men and munitions to either of the combatants with observers posted at key positions to check up. Whether "non-intervention" will accomplish its purpose is still doubtful, but months of delay ended when 130 observers were distributed along the French frontier, 130 along the Portuguese frontier, ten at Gibraltar and 550 along the Atlantic and Mediterranean ports outside Spain. French and British warships will patrol the coast controlled by the rebels and German and Italian warships will patrol loyalist ports. The "non-intervention" plan was put into effect shortly after Italian Ambassador to London, Dino Grandi, told the committee that his government would consider the withdrawal of "volunteers" despite previous refusals. But from Valencia came ominous reports that Italian and German planes were again coming into insurgent hands in great numbers to offset recent loyalist command of the air.

PREMIER LÉON BLUM stepped into his role as leader of the French Socialist Party and defended his government at a critical session of his party's National Council. Chief among his problems was a self-styled "Revolutionary Left" group led by Marceau Pivert, partial in its sympathies to Trotskyism rather than to socialism. A motion ordering Pivert's group to dissolve itself as a "faction" within the party was passed by a vote of 4,573 to 583, though Pivert promised to obey party decisions in the future. This resolution was preceded by a decision of the Radical Socialist Party, at its own congress, to continue its support of the People's Front, but only on condition that violations of law were not tolerated by the government. The conflicts within both parties were complicated by a wave of sit-in strikes in 500 Paris theaters against the advice of the General Confederation of Labor. Minister of Interior Marx Dormoy and Premier Blum will together try to mediate between the strikers and the Employers' Federation, it was announced after the strikers evacuated the theaters.

The so-called "impartial inquiry" in Mexico City to establish the innocence of Leon Trotsky came to a farcical conclusion when one of the commissioners, Carleton Beals, denounced the whole proceeding as a "schoolboy joke" and called Trotsky to account because "he was and still is willing to be a party to such trickery." To gild the lily, Albert Goldman, Trotsky's attorney, turned on Beals, and declared that the commissioners "don't want persons who are friends of the accusers in Moscow, who support directly or indirectly the accusations as true or partially true." This despite the commission's pretense that it even wanted the Soviet government represented. As though in comment on the whole proceedings, Trotsky declared at one point: "In modern civilization everybody is obliged from time to time not to tell the truth." Trotsky rushed into print with an attack against Beals, and, as though one "investigation" was not enough, demanded another into "questions which involve Beals's personal honor." The NEW MASSES was given the signal honor of a vicious attack by the "defendant," who charged it was an "unofficial organ of the G.P.U." Beals too found himself denounced as a "spy of the G.P.U."

Fresh from his electoral victory over fascist leader Léon Degrelle, Belgium's forty-four-year-old professorial premier, Paul Van Zeeland, decided to come to the United States for important economic negotiations with President Roosevelt and, as a side-show, to receive an honorary degree from his alma mater, Princeton University. Van Zeeland's mission, backed by both the French and British governments, is to explore the possibilities for a world economic conference, already the subject of much speculation in the world press. Van Zeeland has just concluded trade talks with Reich Minister of Economics Hjalmar Schacht on the subject of Belgian-German trade agreements. The big European powers seem to have chosen him as their diplomatic broker and ground-breaker in the enormously delicate task of lowering trade barriers and keeping down the rising price level.

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Thomas Mann Decides

The famous German novelist, in an interview with a close student of his work, tells how history shaped his politics

By Harry Slochower

A YEAR or so ago, Thomas Mann came to the United States to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University. Despite his self-imposed exile from his native land, Mann was still a German citizen, and American intellectuals who expected him to condemn the Nazi regime were disappointed. Few were his comments on the value of spiritual and social freedom, and even these came haltingly and with reservations. They came, moreover, from a man who had maintained an almost perfect silence concerning the evil days that had fallen on his country. To some, Mann's silence in the early months of the Hitler regime seemed merely to re-echo the position he had taken in *The Reflections of a Non-Political Man,* that wartime work in which he defended Germany's entry into the war and appeared to identify German imperialism with the metaphysical and musical nature of German Kultur. Indeed, there were those who predicted that, like Hauptmann, Thomas Mann would say "yes" to Nazism.

Since last year's visit, much has happened to Thomas Mann. So much that when he again set foot on American soil a week or so ago, it was no longer as a citizen of the Third Reich. He was now an exile not merely out of choice, but by order of Hitler. His property had been confiscated, and his books banned in Germany. Knowing these things, I was prepared to find a Thomas Mann less reticent, less reserved, less circumspect. But I was not at all prepared to find the militant anti-fascist, the politically conscious, confirmed democrat that Thomas Mann has become.

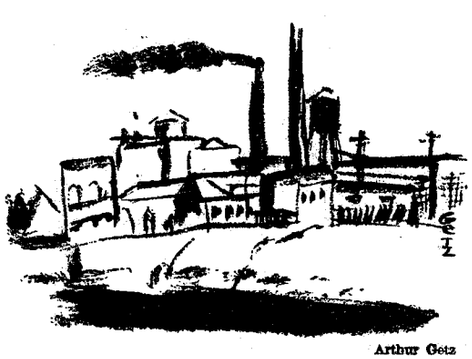
From the first moment of our interview I was convinced that Mann's present position was a reaction to the treatment he had received from Hitler only in the sense that by banning his books, der Feuhrer had snapped the one tie which Mann felt had justified him in his silence. "It was my desire, if possible," he said, "not to be cut off from the German public. I did not want to give the dictators the power to ban my books. . . . I felt a sense of responsibility toward my public, did not want to destroy my frail relationship toward it."

Now that the bond was broken, Germany's great author was a man freed from an oppressive weight. Now he could break the long, painful silence. And break it he did. The words came streaming, almost eagerly, and there could be no doubt that I was listening to a man delighted to speak his mind, frankly and without reservation.

What was it, I asked Mann, that led him at last to give up the attempt to "speak to the enemy," that brought him to unqualified and expressed opposition to the Hitler regime. "No one single factor," he replied, "but a summation of all that was said and done by the Nazis and by myself." He had been forced, step by step, from one utterance to another, pushed forward by them, as well as by the Nazi barbarism that had called these expressions forth. "The course of events, the practical situation," he explained, "brought about my turn against Nazi Germany."

The coming of the Nazis to power has worked a change in some of Thomas Mann's most cherished beliefs. In his early works, Mann made much of Germany's geographical position in the center of Europe. Because of this position, he held, Germany's mission was to steer clear of extreme alternatives: Germany was destined to be the spiritual battleground of European antitheses. In view of what has occurred since 1933, I asked him, did he still think that Germany was the "land of the mean, of mediation"? Mann reflected for a moment. "Now that you ask me that," he replied, "it seems that today I should no longer insist on the idea of Germany as the land of the middle. The notion of the mean is one of those which satisfy for a while and then wear out." Then, decisively, "No, I should not defend the concept of mediation any longer today."

If the mediate way was not possible under certain circumstances, if, specifically, there could be no compromise with Hitler, what did Mann regard as the alternative to fascism? To this question, Mann replied eagerly and eloquently. The present excesses in Germany must be replaced by "a social democracy, a social republic." But this democracy must not allow the kind of freedom "that permits its own destruction by its deadly enemy." The old type of liberalism had done just that. And, he added: "I am convinced that freedom and democracy will no longer be possible without some dictatorial elements." If we have learned anything at all from the last few years, Mann holds, then it is just that. Humanism bears a certain inherent weakness: it stands for tolerance, patience, kindness, vacillation, and scepticism. In this way, freedom and humanism may permit their own destruction. "Freedom must learn to defend itself, learn to fight for its self-preservation. . . . Humanism must become militant!"



Arthur Getz

"Is there any evidence that this process of militant humanism is crystallizing within Germany?" I asked. "Is the Liberty Party, which recently created a sensation by its underground activity, an indication that a People's Party is being formed, similar to those in France and Spain?" This development was too young to be judged, Mann thought. While there is a great deal of opposition in Germany, the dissatisfied elements are still split. The question of a united front in Germany is still beset with difficulties, partly because of the old opposition on the part of the conservatives to uniting with the socialists and communists. But a united front is a distinct possibility, Mann thinks, because "there is a mutual longing for legal security, religious freedom, and economic liberty. It is to be hoped that the general dissatisfaction will bring about a levelling of the existing differences." This is already beginning to happen. The Liberal Party, which Mann believes is doing its work from Paris, is smuggling in anti-Nazi manifestoes that find a large public. "There is a veritable hunger for such material in Germany," he said. "It points to the immense inner dissatisfaction and yearning."

FROM THE POLITICAL FIELD the conversation turned into more general channels. I had been struck by a remarkable phenomenon in Mann's stand on the problem of the relationship between culture and industry. In his essays, Mann has insisted on a possible fruitful interaction between the two—a coalition which he once described as a union of "Athens and Moscow." This development was to eventuate "when Marx shall have read Hoelderlin." On the other hand, in his novels, Mann's social vision appears throughout in the form of agrarian patterns. Calling attention to Castorp's dream in *The Magic Mountain* and to the setting of the Joseph cycle, in both of which pastoral categories dominate, I asked what happened to Marx and Moscow in his poetic expression. It seemed that Mann had not been aware of this difference between the two genres. After some exploratory questions and comments, he reiterated his conviction that

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technics and culture are compatible, but offhand he could not explain why this synthesis does not appear in his stories. "Socialism," he went on, "is proof that there is a connection between the industrial and cultural spheres. We saw it in Germany. The German workers revealed a tremendous drive toward culture. Germany had some of the finest educational centers—those which the Nazis destroyed—and other social institutions, such as thrive today in Russia." And after a pause, in which he seemed to reflect on further possibilities of this union: "So you see, there is an affinity between the socialist worker ("sozialistische Arbeiterpsyche") and the cultural-educational category; that shows that there are relationships there"—and after a further pause—"at least, that there is no inner contradiction between them. The very concept of socialism points to that linkage. In the socialist idea, the cultural is strongly imbedded and, at the same time, the technical and the industrial."

Concerning the Soviet Union, Mann could say little. The Moscow trials, he found, had something "confusing" for him, and have "depressed" him. But he plans to go to Russia as soon as he can, perhaps this year or next. "Russia would interest me tremendously; it is something epochal and of universal importance. . . . I am convinced that the Russian Revolution was no episodic revolution, such as the fascist, but will ultimately have the same consequences for our social perception as the French revolution had." But Mann cannot travel as much or as often as he would like. No sooner does one project near completion, than another begins to germinate in his mind. *"Ich komme nie zur Ruhe,"* he added with a faint smile that suggested the irony and self-critical appreciation, the dialectic sense of humor which permeate his novels and essays.

Woodcut by Dan Rico

Strange American Funeral (after Michael Gold's poem)

Both the personality and the work of Thomas Mann forcibly call to mind another great German with whom Mann has, in part, identified himself — Goethe. Like Goethe, Mann spans the bridge between two eras, moving from the older Kultur-approach of bourgeois liberalism toward a militant bourgeois humanism. In a sense, Goethe, too, was an exile in his later years. The author of the second part of *Faust,* with its vision of Utopian Socialism, was spiritually exiled from the extremist chauvinism of the Liberation Wars, from the narrow feudal provinciality of Weimar, and from the era of the reactionary Holy Alliance. But Goethe, with no strong or cohesive class behind him, spent his last years on the theory of color and on the mythical expression of his Faustian aloneness. Mann, too, is engaged in a second part of Faust, the Joseph cycle; but the Goethian diatribe against the mechanism of Newtonian optics is, for Mann, replaced by a vigorous and frank participation in the "demands of the day," a task which Goethe could formulate, but not put into strong practice. Unlike Goethe, Mann does not stand alone in the Faustian vision of "a free people on free soil." This lends courage to Germany's greatest living writer and to the many Germans whose hopes he expresses.

This tie of Mann's to the realities about him was well illustrated by the answer he gave to the question of whether he had any indication of the strength of his own following in Germany today. With something of pride in his voice, Mann replied that he had reason to believe his influence was more powerful today than it had been in 1932. At that time, he explained, he had a wide reading public, partly because it was the fashion to read him. But many of the younger people and those who were being swept by the Nazi hurricane were coming to regard Mann's conceptions of liberty, reason, and humanity as outmoded, and Mann himself as belonging to the past, to a decadent, dying generation. Today, when general disillusionment with Nazism is setting in, Mann and his kind are finding themselves in "a more influential position" with respect to these same people.

It took Mann three years to reach his present stand. And this fact adds to its import. Thomas Mann has a deep sense of responsibility. He has suffered in and because of his isolation. His entire development has been slow, but thorough. His present position is the result of a natural, that is, an organically necessary, process, in the course of which his true liberalism was compelled to break with his former all-embracing tolerance to the point where it is now championing a militant liberalism in order to safeguard his precious idea of the human. Precisely because of his "slowness," there can be little question of Mann's ever reverting to a sentimental humanitarianism. Thomas Mann rightly regards himself as a representative German. His vigorous opposition to Hitlerism is a portent of what the morrow holds for the oppressed German people under fascist rule.

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Quezon and the Philippines

An interview with the president of the island government foreshadows possible future events

By James S. Allen

MANUEL L. QUEZON is the most astute statesman serving the interests of the United States in the dependencies. Trained for over two decades in the exacting school of Philippine politics, under the tutelage of American governors-general, he has fought his way to become the unchallenged political boss of his domain. Now virtually a dictator within the restrictions imposed by American sovereignty, he aspires to become the undisputed overlord of his native land as president of the Philippine Republic.

For three months I studied and followed closely the activities of the president of the Philippine commonwealth as he rapidly built the structure of dictatorship. These were crucial months during which the few remaining civil liberties were one by one being destroyed. The National Assembly, whipped into utter helplessness by Quezon's demagogic appeals to national unity and "social justice," rubber-stamped one anti-democratic bill after another submitted by Quezon, and permitted his great *tour de force,* the postponement of the general elections and the passage of a sedition bill which reads almost word for word like the measure imposed by the American military authorities during the days of the Philippine insurrection. I saw Quezon, together with Field Marshal Douglas MacArthur (our former chief-of-staff who helped suppress the Philippine revolution and whose greatest victory was won against the bonus marchers in the Battle of Anacostia Flats, Washington, D. C.), perfect preparations for a Philippine conscript army, which is to serve the United States as a colonial force in the Far East and which is to function as the military arm of the Quezon dictatorship.

On a spacious veranda at Malacañang, the presidential palace, Quezon explained his policies to me in an interview lasting for over three hours. At the end of the interview, I did not find it necessary to alter any of my conclusions about the man and his aims. I did come away, however, with a more intimate understanding of the technique of this dictator who has mastered the art of demagogy and knows how to adorn his real program with popular catchwords. In view of the act which Quezon is now performing on the American stage, which is practically a replica of the act he performed that afternoon in the palace, I wish to record this interview.

At the recent luncheon tendered him by the Foreign Policy Association in New York, Quezon prided himself on his readiness to face all critics. It was somewhat in this spirit that he arranged the interview with me in Manila.

Aline Fruhauf

Manuel L. Quezon

Just a few days before, he had spent four hours explaining his "motives" to a group of recalcitrant Filipino journalists and writers, including leading columnists on the Manila newspapers, who have banded together in an informal discussion group called the Beer Club. These writers regarded Quezon with great distrust, and had criticized as sharply as the "coördinated" press permitted the numerous suppressive bills of the administration. It was typical of Quezon's methods that he should keep his ears open for every murmur of discontent among the middle classes and seek to stifle it by literally purchasing the most articulate and able. The political atmosphere is such that the gatherings of the young Manila intellectuals in the rather harmless Beer Club invite comparison with the Filipino students of the nineteenth century in one of José Rizal's novels who, gathered in quite an innocent celebration at a Chinese restaurant, were arrested by the Spanish authorities for conspiracy.

The first point I asked the president to explain was the National Defense Plan, which had already roused severe criticism among liberals both in the Philippines and in the United States. He entered upon his usual apology, which he has repeated since in his speeches in the United States. The only defense against a fate similar to that of Ethiopia and Manchuria, he said, was military preparation. He repeated the argument originated by Field Marshal MacArthur, that while the Philippines cannot provide the essential machinery for modern warfare, they can put up so effective a defense of the country as to make it very costly for Japan to attempt its subjugation. Neutrality pacts, as events have shown, have proven to be mere scraps of paper, Quezon said, and he is ready to place military defense above all else as a means of safeguarding the country. He is prepared to defend the Philippines (and this is Quezon's own adornment of the field marshal's argument) with a "power inspired by lusty ideals, lofty vision, and national strength."

In the present situation, national defense must be conceded as a legitimate need of the Philippines, providing, however, that the military instrument thus created is linked to an independent foreign policy and is really a democratic defense army. I therefore informed Quezon that the chief objections to the National Defense Plan were not of a pacifist nature but, rather, that the new army was being created as an extension of American military forces in the Far East, was in effect an American colonial army, situated in the most likely theatre of war, and that it was also being used as a police force in the Philippines. I emphasized that the American people would not approve a colonial army on the style of the English or the French, and that the Philippine military program of the American General Staff had been pretty well adorned with the pseudo-liberal commonwealth plan.

Quezon jumped to his feet, eyebrows quivering nervously, and looked at me quizzically.

"If anyone thinks I am merely a puppet," he exclaimed, "he is mistaken. The thought of the National Defense Plan was mine and exclusively mine. I chose the man to manage it. I am the boss."

I knew that there had been opposition to the military plan from the U. S. high commissioner and the U. S. Army authorities in the islands, who feared lest the Filipino army might prove a boomerang to the United States. But authorities in Washington had evidently thought otherwise, seeing the advantages of an army whose financial burden would be borne by the Filipinos and which was ostensibly the creation of the Philippine government. It was a neat diplomatic maneuver, permitting suspicion, but not open protest, from Japan. It was evidently useless to discuss this point further with the president, who continually uses the constabulary, Anacostia fashion, against the people.

The conversation then naturally shifted to

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the problem of independence. I recalled that a number of influential Filipinos close to Quezon were agitating for some form of continued commonwealth or protectorate status even after the so-called ten-year transition period. At a recent press conference, the president had expressed his agreement with Professor Kirk's recent book, *Philippine Independence,* which also proposed some form of continued dependence upon the United States. but generally Quezon was very wary about committing himself too definitely on this point. Desire for independence among the Filipino people is as strong as ever, and opposition to the president centers chiefly around his acceptance of the ten-year commonwealth plan.

"I am an ambitious man," Quezon confided. "At first I did not want to be president of the commonwealth. I hesitated long before accepting that nomination. Now I want to be president of the republic. My present term expires in 1941. Under the Tydings-McDuffie Act, we will get independence by 1936, which would mean another man as president. I want to be the man who will gain independence for the Philippines."

It is difficult to tell when Quezon speaks for effect, excellent actor that he is, or when he means what he says. It was my turn to eye him quizzically. "Write this down," he responded, "for your own benefit: November 15, 1940. By that day we will have independence." I wanted to know what made him so certain of that. There were two reasons: first, he, Quezon, wanted it; second, the same group in the United States which helped obtain the Tydings-McDuffie Act now wants an earlier independence date.

The group Quezon refers to is dominated by the National City Bank of New York. It consists principally of the American-Cuban sugar interests and the National Dairy Union. These monopoly groups favored the Tydings-McDuffie Act and are now ardent for *independencia* because they wish to hamper the import of Philippine sugar and copra products which compete on the American market with Cuban sugar and local fat products. Their theory is that full tariffs would be levied against Philippine products, now duty-free or preferred, once the islands are independent. On the other hand, the sugar-dairy lobby is being fought by West Coast capitalists, American-Hawaiian interests, and a few scattered groups which have virtual control of the Philippine export industries and the import-export trade. At the forthcoming trade conference to be held in the United States, Quezon hopes to hit off a bargain between these competing groups in the form of reciprocal trade agreements which will levy a preferential tariff against Philippine products, but at the same time guarantee American exporters continued monopoly of the Philippine market. These competitive rivalries can be adequately settled within either the present framework or some plan of formal independence.

Both Quezon's dictatorship and American economic-strategic interests in the Philippines, opposite sides of the same coin, have most to gain from an extension of the present commonwealth policy to formal independence. Quezon may shift his position, as he has done a number of times in the past, depending upon the demands of the powers that be. But he realizes full well the force of the independence sentiment in the Philippines, and if he can obtain the advance of the independence date, he feels that his dictatorial measures would be justified. This is what he means when he insists on the purity of his motives.

As far as American Far Eastern policy is concerned, its principal aims with regard to the Philippines would be achieved as long as Quezon manages to retain his grip. I asked Quezon what he proposed to do with the American naval bases on the islands and the related project for a neutrality pact. He waved both subjects aside. Since our interview, he has intimated on a number of occasions that he favors retention of the naval bases and scrapping of the neutrality pact entirely. His scheme seems to be: advance the independence date, which he hopes will take the wind out of the sails of the Filipino opposition; at the same time retain close economic ties with the United States, keep the naval bases, and supplement the independence pact by a military and political understanding with the United States. The net result would be formal independence, but a status similar in all essential respects to that of Cuba. The United States would be assured of full economic and political control of the Philippines. And it is not at all unlikely that this plan may appeal to the New Dealers in Washington.

Integral to the whole program is the establishment of a strong dictatorship.

AS WE WENT ON to discuss some of the pressing internal problems of his country, Quezon showed that he was aware of how each stratum of the population reacted to them. "Power," he said, "rests in the masses." His realization of this political truth explains the skill with which he plays his hand for dictatorship, without so far taking any premature actions. He is bound to overplay his hand, for if he is permitted to continue on his present course, he can end only as a Gomez or a Machado.

In reply to my criticisms of the anti-democratic measures of his administration, Quezon held that it was not really a question of democracy. The Philippines have never been and are not now democratic, he said. Only a few people, according to the president, know what democracy is, and these comprise only a few disgruntled individuals, like the young writers of Manila and the leaders of the Philippines popular front. And he for one is not going to encourage democracy. He launched into an inspired enunciation of the principles of what might be termed the benevolent despotism of the feudal *cacique*. The provincial and town officials, he explained, are not responsible to the electorate, but only to himself. He can fire them, by God, any time he chooses if they don't suit him. And he has. He defended the compulsory arbitration bill on the ground that labor was too weak to help itself and that with the aid of the arbitration court he would be in a better position to look after its welfare.

The masses have shown on numerous occasions that they are well able to take care of themselves. I had seen enough of the masses in town and *barrio,* and some of their independent leaders, to know that they would prove the stumbling block to the president's plan. Quezon is fully aware of the danger. The central object of his policies, and the principal function of his dictatorship, is to suppress the peasant movement, to keep the masses within bounds, by the direct methods of intimidation and suppression, whenever demagogy fails. "The laborers are underfed because they are underpaid," he says, but he does not hesitate to use the constabulary against them when they demand rice.

I remarked that the basic problem of the country was agrarian, that nothing fundamental could be done to improve the conditions of the country unless some basic agrarian reforms were undertaken. Quezon popped up from his chair, where he had been following me with characteristic workings of his agile eyebrows: "Now you have hit the nail on the head," he exclaimed. "That is the point! Within the next year or two we will settle that question."

I could think of no other way of settling that question so quickly short of an agrarian revolution, and again it was my turn to eye Quezon quizzically. "We will have a situation like that in Spain if we are not careful," he continued. I knew his sympathy for the fascists in Spain (his closest friends were the organizers of the Spanish Phalanx in Manila), and understood that he was talking from the standpoint of one concerned with stemming democratic currents. How would he settle the agrarian question? First, through the Rice and Corn Corporation, a government agency which is now controlled by the large rice dealers. Next, he intended to suppress usury by forcing a test case against one usurer which would strike terror into the hearts of all usurers. As for the rest, the President was actively engaged in solving the agrarian question:

"Whenever I meet a group of rich landowners I tell them, 'If you know what's good for you, better improve the conditions of your tenants. You do not have enough sons for our army. We must conscript our soldiers from the poor. We put guns into their hands and teach them how to use them, and if you are not careful they will use those guns against you and me. They will not defend their country unless they have something of their own to fight for. If you want to save what you have, give them 10 percent of it so at least you will be assured of 90 percent, or they will take all.' I put the fear of the masses into their hearts."

Quezon had already made himself sufficiently clear.

On the Pasig River, which flows by the palace, barges were carrying produce from the haciendas in Laguna and Nueva Ecija. Out

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there was extreme poverty and starvation. Only a few days before, the peasants had marched on the provincial capitals demanding rice. Just a few miles from the palace, the tenants on large estates owned by the Catholic archbishop had stopped evictions by massing, 5000 strong, across the highway. At San Pedro Tunisan, at Lian, at Buenavista—large haciendas owned by the monastic orders—the tenants demanded the land which had been robbed from their ancestors, and formed societies called *Orasna,* "Now Is the Time." On a large private hacienda, peasants had returned to harvest the lands from which they had been evicted, and clashed with the constabulary.

Labor also was stirring. A number of unions were merging, a new independent single federation of labor was crystallizing. The middle classes balked at high taxes and the restrictions placed upon them by American economic monopoly. The students and the young writers and intellectuals were recalling the revolutionary tradition of their country. A People's Alliance was emerging, gathering all the anti-imperialist and democratic forces of the islands. Democracy and anti-imperialism are very much alive in the Philippines, not in Malacañang, but in the people.

I thanked the president for giving me so much of his time. "You are the first newspaper man to who I have given so much time," he said. And then, with just the hint of a question in his voice. "It is not often that one finds a newspaperman sympathetic to our problems."

William Sanderson

MODERN POLITICAL CONTRETEMPS

A fishing smack ventures off the coasts of England in spite of Franco's warning, thereby endangering Britain's freedom of the seas.

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NEW MASSES

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Again for Catholics

THREE weeks ago we published on this page a statement by leading Spanish Catholics, including Ambassasador Gallardo, Spanish envoy to Belgium; the Canon of Segovia; the Canon of Granada; the leading priest of the Madrid cathedral, and various Catholic writers and professors. These men said that as Christians of various social positions, and despite differences of political opinion, they protested against the "injustice and cruelty" of the fascist invasion of Spain. They were convinced that "all human beings who are decent and sincere" are on their side.

The side they were referring to was that of the republican government of Spain. And one of the most important implications of their statement was that *Catholics had united with Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, and Republicans* in defense of Spain against the reactionary assault of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini.

This is highly significant. Men and women who are divided along religious lines find it not only possible but *absolutely necessary* to unite upon the far more pressing issue of defending democracy against fascism.

This particular Catholic position found its counterpart in the statement of the Mexican Communist Party which we also published three weeks ago. That statement denied that Communists attack "sincere Catholics." It made clear that "we attack no believer who bases his faith on the fraternity of mankind; we condemn only those men who bless the arms of the fascists, the conquerors of Ethiopia and the assassins of Spain."

In view of these statements from both sides by men who are united in a great cause affecting the future happiness of mankind, there is something both ridiculous and criminal in the Hippodrome ballyhoo of ex-governor Smith and George U. Harvey. Fortunately, that meeting was not a striking success. In a city inhabited by millions of Catholics, the Red-baiters failed to fill the hall. Nevertheless, the press gave considerable space to this attempt to divide men along religious lines at a time when justice, reason, and the fundamental laws of self-preservation demand that they unite to defend their common interests.

It would be folly to argue with the Smiths and the Harveys. Men unscrupulous enough to fan religious hatred for political purposes are beyond any appeal to reason. But we call the attention of sincere Catholics to the famous letter which Frank Ryan addressed to His Eminence Cardinal McRory, Catholic Primate of Ireland.

An executive of the Gaelic League, formerly editor of *An Phoblacht,* member of the Irish Republican Army, Frank Ryan took some five hundred and fifty fighting Irishmen to Spain last December. These came not only from Ireland, but from Belfast, Liverpool, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Today Ryan heads the Irish Battalion of the International Brigade.

Irish reactionaries attacked Ryan's activities as part of a campaign to "destroy all belief in God and Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church, as well as every Catholic state in the world." Replying, Ryan wrote to Cardinal McRory:

> Because Your Eminence supports those forces in rebellion in Spain, it does not follow that you applaud the massacre of 2000 Catholics at Badajoz; that you believe the Mohammedan Moors are fighting for Christianity; that you approve of the godless scum of the Foreign Legion, nor the outrages committed by irresponsibles against the Catholic churches . . . Your Eminence, when the Catholic clergy identify themselves with the Spanish rebellion, they turn their churches into barracks. . . . As in the Irish civil war of 1922-23, I see no legitimate reason why the Spanish monarchy or the fascists should be supported by the Spanish bishops. So today I voice my strongest objection to the attempts they have made to represent the Almighty as 'God become fascist.' . . . *I maintain that the real enemies of Christianity are those who use its name for political purposes. I maintain that the real enemies of Christianity are those fascist generals who openly proclaim that they will set up a military dictatorship, suppress trade unions, and prohibit the workers' right to strike. . . .* I am a Catholic who cherishes the name of Father Garcia Morales and the Basque priests who are opposing the Spanish fascists.

Ryan's words deserve far more serious attention from sincere Catholics than the muddle-headed fulminations of ex-governor Smith. The splendid republican captain who boasts that he takes his religion from Rome also boasts that he will not take his politics from Maynooth. He knows enough to look upon the Communists beside him in the International Brigade not as enemies, but as comrades-in-arms defending all that is best in contemporary life.

A Million Students

TWENTY years ago, when the United States entered the world war, only a handful of Americans had the insight and the courage to call for peace. Since then, many more have realized what war means. Nearly a million students are expected to participate this week in strikes and peace actions throughout the country. The sponsorship of this year's movement is broader than ever before. Perhaps the most noteworthy single action so far has been the proclamation of Governor Benson of Minnesota setting April 22 as Peace Day and recommending that the day be celebrated throughout the state with proper exercises and programs. As a result of this proclamation, almost every high school and college student in Minnesota will participate in peace day demonstrations.

"The people as a whole," the governor said, "should join in this enlightened movement of our young people, and direct their thoughts and energies to an analysis of the causes of warfare, its futility, and the means of its prevention."

Governor Benson's wise proclamation is likely to have a profound effect even outside of Minnesota. To many, it will be a dramatic indication of what a national farmer-labor party could mean for the success of a peace movement in America.

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READERS' FORUM

A letter on Spain from the author of "Stay Out of My Life"—And a message to our readers

● For a good many years I have gone each year to Spain and spent there the greater part of my too-short holiday. Usually I go in the early fall, when the vintage is on, and the great wheat threshings of Old Castile are almost over, and everywhere in the South bare trees and sides of houses are hung with thick fringes of long yellow ears of corn. Last year I did not make my usual visit because of the revolution, but last year and every year before that I have subscribed to a Spanish magazine to bring me a regular reminder of the country I hold in dear affection. . . .

The *Mundo Grafico* is edited and published in Madrid, it is a much-illustrated news-sheet printed in brown and green rotogravure with large illustrations, mostly from photographs, and it looks rather like one of our Sunday picture supplements with smaller page and more text. It reports sensational crimes, preferring those of a sentimental slant; it has a page or two of bull-fighting, pages of other sports, football, cycling, tennis, swimming, boxing; there is a page of women's fashions; the arts, the theater, the films, society are all represented.

When the revolution began last July, there was a sudden delay in the arrival of my *Mundo Grafico*. But presently it began again, with pictures of young men drilling and pretty girls with collection boxes and Red Cross caps, and volunteers with raised hands of loyalty to the government, and speakers rousing the crowds—all that feverish, uncoördinated enthusiasm which I could recall so well in America in 1917. The fiction dropped out. The advertising lessened. The sports pages grew more and more scant, the theater and the films and women's fashions went too, except when now and then something of the sort was put in palpably to fill a desperate last-minute gap. But the *Mundo Grafico* carried on.

After October there was another long lapse, and when at last the magazine came through again, it was lean indeed. Practically no advertising. Pictures of men on duty, of the child victims of air raids, of weary files of refugees, of death and wanton destruction filled it now, and the printing was often very, very bad. I waited for it each week with fear that I would never see it again. It had become for me a symbol of Spanish courage and proud indifference to death. . . .

All during the siege of Madrid the *Mundo Grafico* has arrived, still edited and printed and mailed from Madrid! It is very lean now, but its spirit is unimpaired. A few weeks ago it carried a symposium on the future of Spain after the war, street interviews with men and women passing the office by chance. Only one old woman was pessimistic; she said, "I have seen civil war before; Spain will be sad and poor for a long time." But the young Spaniards, optimists still, all said: "Spain will be better, there will be more understanding, more kindness, more justice!"

In another, very recent *Mundo Grafico* there is an account of the little street businesses of Madrid, for many shops have closed and peddling has therefore increased. One of the most flourishing businesses is the selling if *bocadillas,* generally speaking, a sandwich, a snack. It seems that the pre-war *bocadillas* made with eggs or anchovies or ham have vanished, but the *Mundo Grafico* gayly reports that the smart, resourceful Madrileños have found a way to make egg sandwiches without eggs, and ham sandwiches without ham, but it cautions that you must not ask what is in your *bocadilla.* As a final gourmet touch it affirms that the *bocadilla* of horse meat is undoubtedly the best!

There is something about these thin little not-to-be downed *Mundo Graficos* which brings me new hope. It cannot be much fun to get out a magazine in a city which is daily bombarded by artillery and airplanes, a city with scant light and power, a city rationed on horse meat, an anxious, nervous, battered, depleted city. But the *Mundo Grafico* comes along every week, and so long as it reaches me I know that Franco, the would-be dictator, Franco the butcher, as his own men call him, has not achieved his bloody and oppressive ends. More, it gives me confidence that he can never achieve them. Viva, Viva, el *Mundo Grafico* de Madrid! More power to your pen and your presses!

SOPHIE KERR.

An Open Letter to Our Readers

YOU will feel at once that this direct address to you in the columns of the NEW MASSES is a rather unusual procedure. You will be right about that; it is. And the reason we do it is that we have embarked upon a venture which is itself unusual for the NEW MASSES.

Perhaps you have sensed something in the air recently which will be a clue to what it's all about. Changes are taking place. Heywood Broun's column in last week's *Nation* gave food for thought on the question of progressive political journalism. The appearance of Harold J. Laski in our pages for the first time two weeks ago was another straw in the wind. The article by Peter Freuchen, internationally known explorer, which we published last week, was another. The very fact that events forced us to publish an enlarged forty-page issue last week was yet another. Next week we will publish another forty-page issue in order to do justice to the thunderous march of history. In that issue we will publish for the first time an article by Heinrich Mann, internationally known novelist, brother of Thomas Mann. Heinrich Mann, along with Willi Munzenberg, will write on the people's front in Germany (as part of our international symposium on the people's front), and will tell the story behind the recent news of the growing anti-Hitler movement inside and outside of Naziland. We have received from correspondent James Hawthorne an article about the Abraham Lincoln Battalion in Spain which we will publish next week. There will be several other articles on various historical and legal aspects of the sit-down strikes in America—and so another forty-page issue is called for if *you* are to be kept properly abreast of the times. But eight extra pages costs $300 more per issue.

And so we of the NEW MASSES have decided to launch a public drive for a fund of $15,000, which will enable us to finance the publication of a bigger, improved NEW MASSES until the improvement in the magazine raises circulation totals (which is bound to happen) to the point where the extra expense is met by increased circulation and advertising. You have a share in the responsibility for making this venture a success, just as you have a share in the fruits of that success. When the NEW MASSES started as a weekly three years ago, support poured in because it seemed a heroic effort at that time for the revolutionary movement to put a weekly magazine into the field. It *was* a heroic effort—we have never had big-money "angels" to foot our bills (and, incidentally, to bring pressure to soften our editorial policy). Now that the NEW MASSES has appeared as a weekly for three years, many readers take us for granted. But it has been a heroic task all along. Many are the weeks in which the staff has got only half pay, and sometimes none at all; too many are the times when paper and printing bills seemed to threaten the continuance of publication. Those weeks the staff went hungry. It is still a heroic task to issue this magazine, and with forty pages! . . .

We are not here appealing to you for funds (although we won't refuse any cheques the postman brings); we are asking you to participate in the drive by arranging parties, lectures, etc., for the benefit of the NEW MASSES. We are asking you to publicize among organizations and individuals the fact that we are selling life-time subscriptions for $100; ten-year subscriptions for $25. Members of the editorial staff will be glad to appear at parties and meetings to explain the plans for bettering the magazine. Our business department will be glad to help you make arrangements for such affairs. Branch 615 of the International Workers' Order, at Brighton Beach, New York, has already started the ball rolling by having one of the editors speak at a meeting which brought us thirty-two subscriptions and half the box-office receipts. Several individuals have planned parties at their homes in line with the drive. Who's next? Write or phone our business department about it. And watch Between Ourselves each week hereafter for news of the drive. Remember: whatever other magazines may do, the NEW MASSES must grow in size and influence! And *you* must help!

JOSEPH FREEMAN, *Editor.* GEORGE WILLNER, *Business Manager.*

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Revaluing Ford Madox Ford—Poems and war preparations—Virginia Woolf, Diego Rivera, and Valentine Kataev

NEARLY ten years ago, I read Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier,* and was so impressed with its virtuosity that I went through a good many of the sixty-odd books he had published up to that time, and a little later wrote an article called "Ford Madox Ford—A Neglected Contemporary." It did seem to me extraordinary that so little attention had been paid to the author of *The Good Soldier* and the Christopher Tietjens tetralogy, who had also been Joseph Conrad's collaborator and the editor of the impressive *English Review.*

Rereading my article, I am relieved to find that I did not commit myself to anything silly. Indeed, most of what I said in 1930 I could endorse today. But if I were writing the article now, which would scarcely seem worth doing, I confess, my emphasis would be a little different. I do think that Ford began his career with unusual talents, and I would argue that he might have become a first-rate novelist. But I doubt, however, if he has been underestimated. Whatever his potentialities, he has written an unforgivable number of trivial books. The war tetralogy, though it has some memorable scenes—the Duchemin breakfast still sticks in my mind—is, from volume to volume, increasingly diffuse. And as for *The Good Soldier,* it is, as I wrote in 1930, "remarkable for its sustained inventiveness and its sound, unfaltering progress," but I fear I must recant my assertion that it is "not merely a *tour de force.*"

The explanation of my recalling an article published some years ago in an obscure periodical—*The Bookman,* to be exact—is, I suppose, the natural desire of a writer to keep his record as orderly and coherent as possible. But there is some justification for my making this review a kind of appendix to that article. The three books by Mr. Ford that recent months have brought us—*Collected Poems* was published in the fall—are all reworkings of material that has previously been used in one or another of his publications, now perhaps eighty in number. One is, of course, frankly a collection. The second combines in a familiar pattern some new experiences with many old ideas. The third, as we shall see, contains scarcely anything that has not appeared in earlier books. This habit of repetition, which Mr. Ford developed early, forces the reviewer to refer his latest books* to their predecessors, and thus invites speculation upon his entire career.

Great Trade Route is a travel book, and is preceded not only by several books on England and France, but also by at least two on the United States. It differs from these predecessors by being even more loosely organized and by being more political in its emphasis. Mr. Ford pretends that civilization has always followed the fortieth parallel, and he describes a trip to New York and thence into the South. The method is associative, and the author rambles widely in space and time, slipping from anecdote to anecdote and from impression to impression. Therefore, although it is based upon a trip to the United States that has taken place since he wrote *New York Is Not America,* the volume introduces some of the material of that book and of other books as well. The method of presentation, incidentally, makes it difficult to read, and classes it with the not inconsiderable number of dull books that Mr. Ford has written.

If *Great Trade Route* is worth reading at all, it is because of the political views it expresses. These, too, have been previously stated, or at least adumbrated; but Mr. Ford, like everyone else, has grown more politically conscious in the past six or seven years, and he feels it incumbent upon him to take a position. He is against imperialism, war, and economic injustice. These evils he proposes to abolish by encouraging small producers and doing away with mass production. This somehow is to be brought about by a general change of heart, which, in turn, is largely to be accomplished by the arts. He calls himself a Quietist Anarchist, and expresses sympathy with the aims of the Confederate agrarians.

Surely it would be pointless to underline the futility of his program, but I might allow myself the luxury of touching on one issue that is very close to Mr. Ford's heart, the issue of food. He rails against canned vegetables and refrigerated meat, and praises the diet of the small producer who grows his own food. I live in a community of small producers, and I know how many months of the year they subsist on pork and potatoes. It is true that my home is north of the fortieth parallel, and therefore in a region that Mr. Ford would apparently like to see abandoned to lower forms of life, but the fact is that millions of people do live in this region, and I am not sure that dwellers on the great trade route—to use his fanciful name—are much better off. Modern methods of refrigeration and transportation have made possible for almost the entire country a more varied and better balanced diet than home production could ever achieve. What comfortably well-off persons in New York City now have, everyone could have—but not by going back to the soil.

Martin

We pass from Mr. Ford as gourmet, traveler, and political philosopher to Mr. Ford as literary critic and friend of the great. *Portraits from Life* contains essays on James, Conrad, Hardy, Wells, Crane, Lawrence, Galsworthy, Turgenev, Hudson, Dreiser, and Swinburne. Mr. Ford has written small books on James and Conrad and a study of the novel, and at least three volumes of reminiscences, and from this it can be imagined how little in *Portraits from Life* is new. Even *Great Trade Route* contains some of the anecdotes that are used in the other book, and I wager that not even Mr. Ford knows how many times they have served his purposes. Apparently he was urged by Mr. Palmer of the *Mercury,* to whom the book is dedicated, to do the series, and he obligingly raked over the ashes, hoping to find embers enough to make the pot boil once more.

There are some good stories in *Portraits from Life,* if you happen not to have met them on one of their earlier appearances, and there are a few critical comments of real shrewdness, but what chiefly impresses the reader is that Ford knew all these great men more or less intimately, and was accepted by them more or less as an equal. They, too, must for a time have regarded him as, at least potentially, a major writer.

What happened to Ford Madox Ford, born Hueffer? A precocious youth, growing up in a literary household, he appeared in print long before he had anything to say. He was facile and something of a rebel, and, in the æsthetic nineties, he justified both his facility and his nonconformity by the familiar device of the art-for-art's-sake dogma. Later he defended this dogma by maintaining that art for art's sake was also art for society's sake. ("This civilization of ours . . . can only be saved by a change of heart . . . a change that can only be brought about . . . by the artist.") Meanwhile, egotism and a kind of effervescent energy kept him producing book after book, books shaped by personal whims and literary fashions. His emotions were fundamentally decent, I think, but, as you can readily see if you compare him with the men he writes about, he had no intellectual center. Their philosophies were often inarticulate—more so than

* GREAT TRADE ROUTE, *by Ford Madox Ford, Oxford University Press.* $3.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, *by Ford Madox Ford, Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.

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his—but they knew, deep down, where they were going, and he never did—and still doesn't.

So it happens that Ford has written many bad books, and a few good books that aren't quite good enough, and a number of old books under new titles. In *Portraits from Life,* he talks about authors who have been ruined by a Cause, and undoubtedly authors have been ruined by a Cause. It seems to me, however, that their ruins are more impressive than Mr. Ford's. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Two Poets

FROM JORDAN'S DELIGHT, *by R. P. Blackmur. Arrow Editions.* $2.
BIOGRAPHY FOR TRAMAN, *by Winfield Townley Scott. Covici-Friede.* $2.

IT is interesting to observe a certain identity of style in the best lines of major poets, and obversely, in this century especially, the miscellaneity of faults in writers of lesser virtue. R. P. Blackmur's grave and arid accent: "See all we see /weakness and strength/ without feud without faith/ mirror the mystery/ light in the light," seems hardly the same culture as W. T. Scott's wise-crack: "hormones and hoar moons." It is true these phrases represent the worst of both poets; but it seems fair to quote them, not to judge but to understand, just as a period may be comprehended, often, by studying its worst novels, correspondence, and photographs.

Thus the quotation indicates how Blackmur seems to write: with a sense of numbness, as if, before composing, he had climbed for hours among the damp, cold, difficult rocks of that Maine sea coast which is the habitat of most of his books. It is a verse almost without sensations, and always without that sensual glory which poetry should exhibit. Repeatedly, his poems appear only as the containers of an idea, whose direction the poet creates by groping in a barrel of dull images. "Reprieved from wan hope's whipping post," he writes, hoping we get the idea. Many pages thus seem a translation from prose, not that flexible unity which a poem must be, in which the images interact and the concept glows from that action, like the light from atoms vibrating in a filament. Blackmur substitutes for this fleshy poetry certain mannerisms of verse: a functionless alliteration, derived from Hopkins, but without his unifying energy; or the forms ("An Elegy for Five," "The Cough") of seventeenth-century metaphysical poetry, without their physical sensitivity.

Nevertheless, at best, and at most atypical, Blackmur is capable of a certain uniformity of impression: "Mirage," for example, "Sea Odalisque," and number xxiv of "Scarabs for the Living," a uniformity of sea and icy rock:

> this stony garden crossed by souring cries—
> gull bleat, hawk shriek, mouse and eagle screams—

W. T. Scott, on the other hand, has the many faults of immaturity, the good ideas and

John E. Heliker

imperfect expression, the indecision of style, the sense of life even more indecisive. T. S. Eliot grins at us from many of the poems; the one concerning Traman, the autobiographical protagonist, "indeterminate" on a Sunday night, who, descending "through ale and cold cigars," "strode home hearing the morning stars," and, much less effectively, in the long poem about the live pink elephant who dirtied the living room of a certain professor. We feel the same sense, almost nostalgic by now, of disgust that man is zoölogical, and the same feeling of premonition, but more definite:

> . . . we'll keep our bodies fat enough
> to take the bullets softly when they come.

Many of the poems are failures, yet distinguished by a cluster of three or four energetic and beautiful lines. But the worst is the remnant of the collegiate style,—"after the ageless content/ This beautiful bitter, brief moment," —a style which seems to remain constant in its own odd and harmful tradition. Scott's verse is, of course, mostly beyond that, but is still unsure, uneven, almost lopsided with growth. He has certainly the sense of poetry, and is acquiring the technical knowledge, but as yet lacks control. It is in Scott, the younger man, not in Blackmur, the mature critic, that we can see the authentic poet.

In Blackmur, we have the settled fear of life, the corollary that artists are "the willed lookers-on," who ultimately are only "honest in the womb." There are few readers who wish to accept such horrible precepts today. In Scott, on the other hand, mankind, although inhabiting an "asterisk, this footnote of naught," a planet that is merely a "moist shadow," nevertheless sees, hears, hates, grasps a real world. It is a world, however, which still tastes of stale coffee, bull-sessions, and smoky rooms.

"Personal" poetry is today really less personal to most people than many "impersonal" issues: ignorance, malnourishment, industrial oppression, which they have intimately faced. R. P. Blackmur, in his poetry at least, is too rigid, too devoid of moral feeling, to recognize this. But Scott's poem, "Newsreel," not in this volume, but printed in the NEW MASSES [April 6], recognizes such issues. Here we see how they enrich and dignify the poet; and permit the invention of his brilliant image of Mussolini-as-Cæsar, with lifted bronze arm, round which revolves on land and air, the raucous machinery of war.

DAVID WOLFF.

Not Plowshares

ARMAMENTS YEAR-BOOK: 1936. *League of Nations, Columbia University Press.* $6.25.
THE PRIVATE MANUFACTURE OF ARMAMENTS, Vol. I, *by Philip Noel-Baker. Oxford University Press.* $3.75.

ANYONE trying to get a picture of the world-wide expenditures for military purposes can hardly do without the League of Nations's annual publication, the *Armaments Year-Book.* The 1936 edition of this series contains a wealth of information about the armies, the navies, the air forces, and the national defense budgets of 64 nations, both members and non-members of the League. It is compiled largely from official sources and has both the virtues and the shortcomings of its sources. It indicates the omissions in the official figures (such as the Ethiopian war costs for Italy, the pensions for the United States, etc.), but it fails to present anything but the most fragmentary summaries of the world situation. It is a much better piece of work than the earlier volume on the international sale of arms and, on the whole, the student of international politics may well be grateful for this publication.

Another volume that is welcome is *The Private Manufacture of Armaments,* by Philip Noel-Baker. This is the first installment of a larger study which has occupied the author for a period of ten years. It is undoubtedly the most detailed study of the subject so far made and, very wisely, it indicates its source at every step. Unfortunately, only the early volumes of the Nye Committee's records were available, so that this inestimably rich quarry still remains to be worked.

The first impression left by this study is the author's surprising familiarity with his subject. There are a great many facts and incidents which have not been used previously, but they all appear as part of a pattern which is by now rather well known. Only three short years ago the munitions story was a closed book to all but a few; today the racket and its operations are part of our general knowledge. This does not detract from the interest and importance of Mr. Noel-Baker's book, however, for the simple reason that new illustrations of munitions intrigue appear every other day.

To repeat, the general pattern is clear. Munitions lords use high-pressure salesmanship in soliciting orders and thereby increase armaments competition; they bribe their way into the favor of government purchasing agents and officials; they secure retired politicians, generals, admirals, and civil servants for their boards of directors, managers, or

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salesmen; they sell to potential enemies; they sabotage disarmament conferences; they evade embargoes on arms; they influence public opinion through control of the press; they organize, aid, or get the support of "patriotic" societies. To sum up, they are an important factor in the process which results in war.

Many striking new illustrations are adduced by Mr. Noel-Baker to back up this indictment. There is, for example, the revealing advertisement of the De Havilland Aircraft Co. published in *Aeroplane* in 1934. "Tiger Moth," says the text, "for naval and military flying training, supplied to the British Royal Air force and the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, China, Japan, Persia, Poland, Spain, Portugal, and Germany." Reading this, many will recall that the British government publicly protested the rearmament of Germany in 1934 as a breach of the Treaty of Versailles, and cited this as a reason for her own speed-up in increasing her air forces. The British firm, meanwhile, profited both ways—its sales to Germany increased its sales to the British government.

The chapters on the control of the press are particularly significant. Much attention has been paid to the general press—and rightly so—but the technical press is just as important. The British aeronautical journals resent the charge "that the armament firms are their chief support." Yet their advertising and their articles bear out the fact "that the greatest amount of [aircraft] trade . . . is done either with the Air Ministry, in supplying materials for the Royal Air Force, or with the governments of foreign nations in war machines." The attitude of this press towards politics and disarmament is easy to guess. Again it is *Aeroplane* which gives the show away. "France," it declared, "is again selling herself to Russia. Never in the present generation will we send or lend men or money to save France. But if France aids Russia in an invasion of Europe, we shall help the Nordic peoples of Germany and Austria. Then we shall need a real Air Force." Such open Nazi sympathies are revealing.

These samples will give the reader a foretaste of the rich materials he will find in this book. In spite of the fullness of treatment, however, certain important subjects are absent. (It is possible that they will appear in Vol. 2.) Except for a brief allusion to the press, there is, for instance, no discussion of armament stockholders. Yet in 1935 the Labor Research Department published a pamphlet by W. H. Williams entitled *Who's Who in Arms,* the result of researches in Somerset House (where stockholders are registered), which revealed some curious data on munitions-stockholding clergymen, university professors, and others. Far more important was the prominence of banks, the insurance companies, the nobility, and members of parliament among the shareholders in armament firms. A device which "furnishes an ingenious means of concealing the identity of some of the most wealthy and influential owners" of this kind of stock was discovered in the

Painting by Caroline Durieux

"nominee companies," twenty-eight of which held almost 250,000 ordinary shares in Vickers, the great British armaments firm. Curiosity as to these owners is excusable; it would be worth while to remove the convenient cover of anonymity which now protects them.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT.

Flux

THE YEARS, *by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace, & Co.* $2.50.

IN method, Mrs. Woolf's new novel represents something of a departure from her previous work. The interior monologue and quasi-poetic rhythms and symbols which distinguished *Mrs. Dalloway, To The Lighthouse,* and *The Waves,* have here been subordinated to the more traditional pattern of English fiction. *The Years* follows the familiar chronological order, and its ostensible theme —the passing of the last fifty years as mirrored in three generations of an English middle-class family—is similarly conventional. But although its structure differs from that of the other novels, the attitude towards life and society that it propounds does not. Mrs. Woolf's interests and preoccupations are those which she has always exhibited.

The march of external events, the vicissitudes of the Pargiter family from 1880 to the present day, comprise the theme of the novel only in a superficial sense. They serve as a scaffolding for the real theme, which is, in the author's mind, a tragic paradox: the meaninglessness of the moment in the face of Time as opposed to the inordinate importance of the moment in human consciousness. Mrs. Woolf would have us believe that there is simply flux, which receives meaning solely in terms of personal sentimentality. This adulation of anarchy has, as its counterpoint, vague, eternal values whose definitions are to the ordinary intelligent reader of history the protective platitudes of the propertied Victorian. In essence, this viewpoint represents the most enervated and cautious version of the *laissez-faire* approach to society; it constitutes the justification for any sort of triviality or irresponsibility. Yet Mrs. Woolf is careful nowhere to introduce a character whose conduct is either vicious, violent, or otherwise "scandalous." Perhaps the single exception is the significant proof: Rose, potentially the most unconventional member of the clan, somewhere out of the pages throws a brick, and presumably for this receives a short prison sentence (also out of the pages). The entire episode is made known by means of a few incidental references dropped during the course of a luncheon conversation.

In 435 pages, Mrs. Woolf presents more than two dozen characters, all of whom appear and disappear chiefly to satisfy the author's atmospheric requirements. Not one of these men or women develops sufficient self-consciousness to realize that events may have more than a subjective meaning. They function purely in terms of their sensibilities, and their memories serve them merely as a photographic record of past sensations to be recalled for no revelatory reason. Life, for them, is a continuous series of images that glide past a train window. The order of awareness and understanding they manifest is indicated by Mrs. Woolf herself when she says of one of them: "She wished that there were blinds like those in railway carriages that came down over the light and hooded the mind." All of the characters in *The Years* wear blinkers; they live in a state bordering on coma, impervious to the dynamics of thought and action as conditioned by the course of history. Even the charitable works, for example, in which Eleanor Pargiter indulges are not the result of social convictions, but a form of distraction. And in this continuous viscous present the one thing, significantly, which is taken for granted, the one thing it never occurs to any of these people to question is the economic security of the class to which they belong. "All passes, all changes," muses Lady Lasswade as she wanders over the grounds of her country estate. "Nothing of this belonged to her; her son would inherit; his wife would walk here after her."

It should be said that one's objection is not primarily to the triviality of the material but to the fact that the author takes such triviality seriously—this despite the support which, in her active life, Mrs. Woolf has recently given to the workers. Her unmistakable sympathy and even tenderness towards her characters forces the reader to conclude that for Mrs. Woolf, these people's mission in life must have a divine purpose, since it obviously hasn't a human one. Yet to judge from the lavish praise already heaped on *The Years* in the bourgeois press, this kind of immersion in trivia is the hallmark of "great art."

T. C. WILSON.

Portrait of an Artist

PORTRAIT OF MEXICO, *by Diego Rivera and Bertram D. Wolfe. Covici-Friede.* $4.75.

INSOFAR as this is a portrait, it is that of Diego Rivera with Mexico as a scenic background. Unrolling the colorful, tumultu-

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ous story of Mexico from the pre-conquest period down to Cárdenas, Bertram D. Wolfe has selected those facts which fit into a framework of Rivera's present political and artistic isolation. Here, on an elaborately constructed stage, Rivera plays a heroic part not for his own people, but for the American tourists in Mexico, who constitute the best market for his work. The reason for this may be that Rivera's former influence in politics is now limited to the tiny faction of Trotskyite intellectuals in Mexico City, and to the repudiation of his art by Mexico's younger painters.

The real work of this book lies in the 249 illustrations of Rivera's work. Here one may observe his artistic development from 1906 through 1936. While it is too early for any final judgment, it is scarcely possible that he will again do anything as ambitious as the decoration of the three floors of patios in the Secretariat of Education. From this collection it appears that Rivera was not primarily a revolutionary painter, but rather a decorative painter of charm and taste, who was caught up on the crest of a great popular movement, and realized the value of the revolutionary theme for his own work. These illustrations confirm the notion that the moment Rivera separated himself from the mainstream of revolutionary labor, he became a decorative painter of Mexican folklore. Subtract the revolutionary theme, and there remains a static form at direct variance with revolutionary thought, a form totally inadequate to express the passion of a great mass movement.

In Orozco's stark and savage line, for example, we realize the passion of that movement. Orozco's is Mexican revolutionary art, totally different from European art, condensing the violence and struggle of civil war, the faith and tenderness of a people, into calligraphs of such naked simplicity that the most illiterate peon can read them, yet expressed in terms of pure plastic. As time carries us further from Mexican civil war, the stature of Orozco will grow; through his work, we will still sense the mighty pulse of that popular uprising.

Rivera's position is somewhat different. When he came back to Mexico after years in Paris ateliers, he noted that the principle of modernistic simplification was similar to that used by the Mexican handicraft artist. He found Mexico in the full tide of popular revolution, all the main artists on the side of the people. He too espoused the revolution, taking its themes, simplifying them in the modern manner, using the rich color of the native handicrafts. The great gift he possessed was a *decorative lyricism*, which in its best period could make walls bloom with sensuous color of lacquer work and the intricate flat pattern of Mexican embroidery. He understood best the ripe outline of tropic fruit, the soft contour of a child's cheeks, the monumental folds of women's skirts, the pulpy flesh of flower petals, the static ritual of Indian daily life. His moment of greatest power came when, through the Communist Party, he was able to experience the tremendous current of revolutionary ardor. Even then it was not the progressive movement toward freedom through modern methods of struggle, but the age-old, voiceless, non-resistant struggle of the Indian since the conquest which he expressed plastically.

Rockwell Kent

Rivera's form, never infused with the directive energy of struggle as is Orozco's, deals with the surface pageantry of revolution—the lacquer red of clustered workers' flags bright as poinsettias in the sun; the depersonalized egg-shaped heads of workers under white sombreros; the ornamental rhythm of cartridge belts beautiful as Roman garlands. Never do we feel the Mexican masses—poor in tattered rags, in naked sharp outline of hunger, dirty hovels of dark adobe, all the gaunt squalor of a Mexican village. Even Rivera's scenes of torture and violence—mostly historical—are handled tidily and decoratively.

Yet Rivera achieved a great height within the limits of his static art in those murals which decorate the lower court of the Secretariat and the chapel of Chapingo. In Chapingo one may study his virtues best. There he has decorated a small chapel, whose barrel ceiling is reminiscent of Italy with its divided panels and lunettes. Out of many eclectic moments, which include the Italians from Giotto to Michelangelo and even a suggestion of Odilon Redon in the symbolic panels of germination and florescence, he has created a single decorative unity fused by the theme of the people's struggle for land and liberty. In the hushed dim silence of the chapel, the walls sing the elegy of Zapata, the agrarian hero, his death and his rebirth, sing it as a lyric ballad with tender and tragic refrain. Deep in the earth sleep murdered Zapata and his Indian friend, and the corn sends down its roots into their blood to infuse its golden ears with the shining blood of martyrs. Beautiful too is the variation on the theme, in which three weeping women mourn the stiff body of the dead peon, while the armed peasants stand at attention under the blooming tree of life. The emotion evoked is religious, it recalls Simone Martin's panel in Berlin of the women burying Christ, which possessed far more dynamic movement and awareness of the violent class struggles of the fourteenth century. In Rivera, even oppression and agitation are represented in hushed and static tones, with deep religious awe. It is no doubt this religious quality in Rivera which made him popular in a predominantly Catholic country, where even revolution cannot at once erase the old emotional patterns of centuries.

A sharp decline is evident in Rivera's Cuer-

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navaca murals done for Ambassador Morrow and in the decoration of the great stairway of the National Palace. The tender and elegiac melody is lost. There remain discord and confusion. One wonders if this compositional confusion can have any relation to Rivera's abandonment of the revolutionary movement. During his American visits, he began the production of marketable commodities and murals of compromise, such as those in Detroit.

Today Rivera has even given up the revolutionary theme. He paints water colors of exotic Mexican scenes alternating with easel paintings in which lurk dim ghosts of the past —Japanese print-makers, neo-classic Chirico, Picasso, the impressionists. His last murals done for the new Hotel Reforma, removed after the usual scandal by their owner Pani, reveal a stylistic anarchy which can add nothing to his reputation.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

Soviet Best Seller

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW, *by Valentine Kataev. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. $2.50.*

IN 1905, Valentine Kataev was just the same age as are his characters, Petya and Gavrik, in his latest novel. Like them, presumably, and like many other Russian children, he first became a revolutionary in that year. How and why children of eight and nine became advocates of the Bolshevik cause is the main theme of *Peace Is Where the Tempests Blow.*

It is not hard to understand why Gavrik, the street gamin, was forced to take sides. His brother had already become a revolutionary; he himself had had plentiful experience with the hardships of life in pre-Soviet Odessa. The gobies that he and his grandfather caught in a hard day's fishing brought only thirty kopeks a hundred; frequently both he and the old man had to depend upon resurrected bread crusts for food. When he and his grandfather rescued a sailor who had been a member of the crew of the revolting *Potemkin,* he came into direct conflict with the authorities; his class feeling and his intelligence grew as he strove to elude the police, as he watched his grandfather grow deathly ill as the result of beatings in jail, as he carried ammunition to besieged Bolsheviks when street fighting broke out, as he helped the sailor to escape again when the revolution failed.

Petya presents a more difficult problem. When we first meet him, he is finishing a pleasant, bare-footed summer vacation on a farm at Akkermann; his father is well-to-do and middle-class. But he is innately sensitive and just. Gavrik is his friend; Gavrik's grandfather, a nice old man, is unjustly jailed; the *Potemkin* sailor is obviously more likable than the detective who follows him; carrying ammunition to the Communists in his school satchel and helping the sailor escape offer a fine combination of excitement and good deeds. By the time the novel closes, he is as ardent, if not as clever a revolutionary as Gavrik.

Although the novel has neither the social importance or the power of such Soviet novels as *Seeds of Tomorrow, Skutarevsky,* or Kataev's own *Time Forward,* it is a very good book. Stylistically (Charles Malamuth's translation, one judges, reproduces the style of the original admirably) it is an exceptionally fine book, displaying a deftness comparable to that of Dos Passos in fitting diction and sentence structure to character and mood. Critics who are worried about the cultural state of Soviet Russia should read this book, remembering that *Peace Is Where the Tempests Blow* was the outstanding success of 1936 in the U.S.S.R.

JOHN THAYER.

Brief Reviews

THE COAST: *A Magazine of Western Writing. Vol. I. No. 1.* 50c.

Described as "an unofficial, coöperative publication of writers on the San Francisco Writers' Project," this new venture is designed as a model for a regional creative W.P.A. magazine. Some of the ablest of West Coast writers have contributed to it: Lawrence Estavan, Kenneth Rexroth, Miriam Allen de Ford, among others. Without a doubt, the magazine contains quite enough first-class writing to justify a regular government-supported publication. There is no reason why W.P.A. writers, who drudge usually at encyclopædias and guidebooks, should not have the opportunity for creative expression which the Federal Theater and Art Projects offer.

PHOTO-HISTORY MAGAZINE: *A quarterly, edited by Richard S. Childs, Ernest Galarza, Sidney Pollatsek. April, Vol. 1, No. 1.* 35c.

The *meaning* of the war in Spain is graphically brought out by logical and artistic juxtaposition of two hundred and fifty photographs, reproduced headlines from the New York *Times,* and original and quoted texts, in this first issue of Photo-History. Superior photography and a partiality to the truth prevent this from being just another picture magazine.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Rainbow Fish, by Ralph Bates. Dutton. $2.
Look Through the Bars, by Ernst Toller. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75.
Low Company, by Daniel Fuchs. Vanguard. $2.50.
Spain in Arms, 1937, by Anna Louise Strong. Holt. $1; paper 25c.
Bread and Wine, by Ignazio Silone. Harper. $2.50.
Away from It All, by Cedric Belfrage. Simon & Schuster. $3.
The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center: A Verbatim Report, published by the People's Commissariat of Justice of the U.S.S.R. Booknига. $1.
Tsushima, by A. Novikoff Priboy. Knopf. $3.50.
Pie in the Sky, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. Scribner's. $2.50.
Angels in Undress, by Mark Benney. Random House. $2.50.
From Bryan to Stalin, by William Z. Foster. International. $2.50.
Zero Hour, by Richard Freund. Oxford. $1.25
Let Me Live, by Angelo Herndon. Random House. March Book Union Selection. $2.50.
The Old Bunch, by Meyer Levin. Viking. $2.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

New operas and symphonies—A magnificent new film—Some remarks on the ballet—Youth movement on Broadway

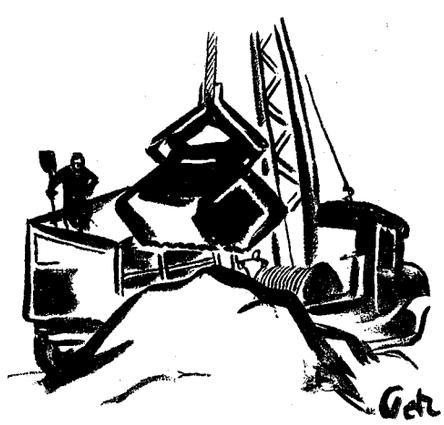
THE urge that drove me to an unaccustomed number of concert halls in the last fortnight was, I think, the need for some musical equivalent of the old-fashioned sulphur and molasses cure for spring fever. I succeeded only in aggravating my malady except for one highly diverting hour or so of as satisfying entertainment as I've had all year. And from an opera at that.

As a composer, young Mr. Gian Carlo Menotti hasn't much beyond fluency and an excellent schooling in Rossiniana (which, come to think of it, is pretty good equipment in itself), but as a theatrical *ingénieur* he comes as close to genius as anyone I've come across since Kurt Weill. Add a liberal dash of very sound humor, garnish tastefully, and you have a recipe for a stage success that doesn't depend on hokum (at least hardly ever and then on a very high grade of hokum). The Curtis Institute of Music presented *Amelia Goes to the Ball* in one-night stands at Philadelphia and New York (New Amsterdam Theatre, April 11), but it'll be around again, for it's a box-office natural. A field day for Margaret Daum in the title rôle, she was able to combine a virtuoso and really captivating bit of acting without flawing a deft vocal performance. In fact, the whole performance and staging sharpened the stylized attractiveness of the work and perfect timing drove home every point with light and sure accuracy. It was all as synthetic as cellophane, but equally as ingenious a creation, and while it is no *Prodana Nevesta* (i, e., the invariably mistranslated *Bartered Bride*) or *H.M.S. Pinafore,* it is a first-rate show and that—in contemporary opera—is a rare bird.

Milhaud's music for *Le Pauvre Matelot* on the same bill was vastly more original and striking, and the ironic little tragedy was produced with nearly equal skill, but it just didn't add up to entertainment. You can't (at least Milhaud and a good many others can't) fit the square peg of realism into so well-rounded a hole of artificiality as the operatic form. However, his was an honorable enough failure compared with the WPA productions of *La Serva Padrona* and *Romance of a Robot* (Federal Music Project Theatre of Music, April 12). I should have known better, but Amelia's bewitching glances had left me pleasantly dazed and I took an ill-advised chance. The Pergolesi started off fairly well with some good staging ideas, but it proceeded to go *Commedia dell' Arte* in a big way (and the Brothers Minsky aren't as 100-percent made-in-America as they think they are, although I must admit that they've added some necessary improvements in the imported product) and everybody concerned—with the possible exception of the little orchestra—fell so hard for their own buffoonery that they entirely overlooked the existence of the occasional bits of real music with which Pergolesi had spiked the interminable monkeyshines. The acting was insulting enough to the audience, but equally bad singing would have been less an insult to Pergolesi's memory than the total lack of any attempt at singing.

The fun had only started. The F.M.P. really went to town with Hart's "satirical musical romance." I was to learn later that the production was an "experiment in using plastic motion and choreography as an integral part of opera, rather than an interpolated interlude," but while I lasted I couldn't find even a ghost of music haunting a jittery mob scene of moronically costumed gals, couldn't even determine which aspect of the affair was the most juvenile (I should have stayed: it all turned out to be a valentine in the end). The huff I left in ripened into a very sour stomach on next morning's reviews. If tripe must be exhibited in public (and it's hard to believe that this could be a production of the same organization to which we are indebted for Lehman Engel's choral programs), it must either be ignored or held up to scorn in all its pulpy tripiness. Bad as it is, it's infinitely less harmful and less dishonest than the gentlemen (save the mark) of the press who are either stupid enough to accept it or dishonorable enough to encourage its being foisted on the public.

With that off my chest, I can't get worked up over several other concerts, but the terrific build-up given the current white-haired boy of "American" music emphatically calls for some deflation. Samuel Barber is obviously young and rather too obviously "promising"; to hail his symphony (N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony, April 4) as a work of any remarkable talent or even as indicating significant potentialities in its composer is doing him ill service. The man has no more than a superficial working knowledge of his tools, but I can forgive his blundering scoring more readily than his blundering tonal thinking, his obsession with an originality that he hopes to retch up from badly digested symphonic classics, Sibelius in particular. Dressing up a few shoddy tunes and ideas in a grotesque harlequinade of specious modernity (which, it goes without saying, is about as "modern" as Richard Strauss) won't stand close inspection, and if the composer accepts the general ignorance of his fundamental weaknesses, he has got a flying start on the road to artistic ruin already well strewn with the decaying cadavers of his contemporaries.



Arthur Getz

Barber was not helped by Rodzinski's programming Ernest Bloch's *Voice in the Wilderness* at the same concert, although the conductor displayed unmistakable favoritism even to the point of relaxing his customary care in the latter work. It wasn't a slipshod performance, but it fell off sharply from the standards Rodzinski and the Philharmonic have set themselves. The work is hardly a masterpiece, and calls imperatively for pruning and trimming, but after Barber's sophomorics, it was rich joy to hear a master craftsman, working effortlessly, surely, making every point tell. Bloch has long ago learned that originality comes from within, that symphonic tricks are a stale joke at best. His soliloquies for solo 'cello (Joseph Schuster) and orchestra are the utterance of a man with something to say, speaking out with conviction and eloquence. Even the minor words of such a man put to shame the empty rhetoric and furious ranting of an audience spellbinder. The Philharmonic-Symphony's audience was properly spellbound by Barber and seemed to find Bloch dull: the too familiar but happily impermanent triumph of the yowling orator over the calm voice of reason—a voice in the wilderness indeed.

R. D. DARRELL.

THE SCREEN

THE WAVE (Garrison Films) finally had its premier at New York's Filmarte. This premier is as significant and important as was that of *Potemkin* many years ago. It is the first feature film to be produced on the American continent on a working-class theme for workers. And what is even more important, this working-class film is at the same time a thing of great beauty—one of the most beautiful films ever to grace the screen. While the film was produced in Mexico—not by one of the commercial firms, but by the Secretariat of Education—*The Wave* has a universality of theme and feeling for its people that does not confine it to any esoteric categories or national boundaries. Thus it takes its place with the major Soviet films (especially those of Dovjenko) and with the great working-class films of other countries: *Kamaradschaft,* in pre-Hitler Germany and *The Loves of Toni,* in France.

Like *Toni,* the plot is simple, elementary. Unlike the films of Robert Flaherty, *The*

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NEW MASSES

Wave makes no attempt to simplify the simple fisher-folk of Vera Cruz Gulf as "beautiful" or "romantic" primitives. Nor does it try to present their problems as that of man vs. nature. Nor are their mores made an object of ritual. These are simple people, true. But they are fisher-folk and their lives are conditioned by their economic milieu. They have to struggle for food. They are exploited by the Boss. They are cheated out of their catch and they are fooled by the opportunistic politician. In the beginning, Miro's child dies of poverty: "It isn't right—it isn't just for a man's child to die because he has no money to cure it."

There is a fishing sequence which must be included among the great things in the history of the films. The story tells of strife among the workers, and the final unity and power is symbolized by the breaking of the huge wave upon the shore on which the Boss's villa stands.

It is told simply and eloquently. It is devoid of obscure symbolism. In a letter to the Secretariat of Education of Mexico, Paul Strand (who was responsible for the production, the story, and photography) said: "We assume that these films are being made for the great majority of rather simple people to whom elementary facts should be presented in a direct and unequivocal way; a way that might even bore more complicated sensibilities, though we believe otherwise."

The Wave does not depend upon its punch for any "special effects" department or pyrotechnic montage. That has been the curse of earlier "labor" films. Gunther von Fritsch cut the film smoothly. Whatever montage there is, will be found in the framing of the shot and the conception of the photography which is an integral part of the dramatic structure of the film itself. Our Hollywood directors and photographers might learn from *The Wave* with a great deal of profit. In all of the important sequences, the music by Sylvestre Revueltas is an integral part of the dramatic structure. In spite of the excellent work by the other members of the production staff (Henwar Rodakiewicz, Fred Zinneman, Gomez Muriel, and the composer-conductor Carlos Chavez) the film is really Paul Strand's. There is a close relationship to Paul Strand's still photographs, which are great art and among the most beautiful creations of this period, and Mr. Strand's work as a cinematographer. How encouraging it is to note that Paul Strand and a group of progressive photographers, writers, and directors are now organized into an independent film group called Frontier Films. In a statement to Frontier Films, Max Lerner wrote that the "film is at once a medium for the artist, an emotional expression for the audience, a record of expression of modern life. . . ." Such a film is *The Wave*.

And now to the darker side of the picture. Not in many months has there been so barren a period in the Hollywood movie. Most of them have been trite and the better ones banal.

The Soldier and the Lady (R.K.O.-Radio):

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The Jules Verne novel *Michael Strogoff* has been an old favorite of the movies—both here and in Europe. As early as 1916, Universal released a version and a few years later another one. Then a sound model was produced in Germany and another in France. R.K.O. bought the French version and imported the German star Anton Walbrook for the lead. They re-shot the close-ups with Walbrook and a Hollywood cast, and used the long-shots of the original European version—thus getting mass scenes of the Bulgarian army very cheaply. It is still a horse-opera with Czaristic-imperialist flavor.

Marked Woman (Warner Bros.): If you are sharp enough you might guess that this film is based on the recent Luciania (according to the New York *Times*, Luciano by all other papers) vice trials. Of course, punches are pulled and dramaturgy is absent in spite of the Bette Davis come-back. It is really a stereotyped gangster film with memories of *Little Caesar*, et al. You will always be one jump ahead of the dialogue.

Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount): A new version of Burlesque with variations. Carole Lombard is the good wife and Charles MacMurray is the good-for-nothing trumpet-player husband. Some "showy" photography (very dark shadowed) and little else.

I Loved a Woman (R.K.O.-Radio): The émigré Anatol Litvak was imported from Europe to do a conventional triangle story about aviators in the French army during the world war. Paul Muni, who wears his Zola beard, and Miriam Hopkins do not have much of an opportunity for acting.

PETER ELLIS.

THE DANCE

TECHNICALLY, the ballet lends itself to brilliance of virtuosity, and it is this inherent brilliance, intrinsically theatrical and exciting, that tends to confound the socially conscious audience. Here is apparently a contradiction: a moving quality in a definitely reactionary form.

There can be no doubt as to the fundamentally reactionary trend of the ballet offered these last seasons of "ballet renaissance in America." Nostalgic, sometimes mystic, and very often taking even a pre-bourgeois ideological position, the ballet certainly has lacked consciousness of contemporary social, economic, cultural forces. As a matter of fact, it's rather difficult recalling a single ballet composition that has been influenced by even the forces of the French Revolution, not to mention the Industrial Revolution. True, there was some ballet representation in concerts offered by the anti-fascist New Dance League (which, incidentally, presents its pre-amalgamation and last concert Sunday afternoon, April 26 in New York), but it was a Rip Van Winkle sort of stranger in a strange class-conscious *milieu*.

Ruth Gikow

Simply, the ballet has been in the nature of a feudal hangover; and a long hangover it's been, extending its work this late into the 1930's. The two ballets that Mikhail Mordkin, at one time ballet master of the Imperial Russian Ballet, presented recently, *The Goldfish* in premier performance and *Giselle* for the first time since 1911, are both cases in point.

Giselle, based on a story by Theophile Gautier (who wore a "red waistcoat" and was thoroughly anti-bourgeois until the bourgeoisie was threatened by a rising working-class movement) is a tall tale of lords and ladies and peasants, the nobility of the gentry and the honest servility of the peasantry epitomized in the love life of Giselle and the faithful-to-death Duke Albert. *The Goldfish* is based on Pushkin's fable of poverty to riches and the return to the old poverty, the story of the simple, kindly, poor fisherman (Good) and his hag of an old social-climbing wife (Evil), whose greed brings hard days and medieval sufferings to her simple-minded peasant of a husband. Better the empty larder than the wealth of the full table (and handsome costumes, music, dancing, slaves, etc.).

The Critics' Group has published an excellent group of Marxist dissertations on Pushkin and his work. What is here of special interest is to note that the source of the material of these ballets is their tie-up with bourgeois and even feudal morals, precepts, and traditions; and since this is the nature of its form, to question the validity of the ballet as a technique for other than reactionary forces in the contemporary scene. Nothing that the Ballet Russe (to be reviewed next week) nor the native (?) American Ballet has produced to date will serve but to strengthen the argument. It is only when the rigid structure of the "five positions" of traditional ballet is smashed that, as with the Jooss Ballet, there is some release from the reactionary hold of the old form.

Still, the young Viola Essen (almost a child) was movingly beautiful as Queen of the Willys (some spirit figure), and Mikhail Mordkin was a touching old fisherman in his excellent miming. If the technique can still be exciting, and to a proletarian audience (the ballet is the popular form of dance in the Soviet), then there must be some life in it yet. It's rather difficult to assign the popular approval to mass nostalgia; and yet form and technique are presumably inseparable—and certainly from the content of a work when the nature of that work has been consistently

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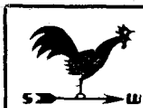
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One thing is to be remembered, however. The ballet has advanced through a series of historic changes while maintaining the "five positions" (since 1661), and floor patterns have suffered radical innovations while the "pointes" remained. It's true that the changes have never been of a fundamentally revolutionary quality, revolutionary particularly in the social, economic sense, but there have been changes; the art has not been completely static. This considered, and not forgetting the popular inclination to the brilliance that a ballet virtuosity may attain, it is not beyond possibility (though there may be considerable doubt) that a proletarian ballet technique may yet develop. It should be stated, certainly, that signs of such a major development are not yet visible.

OWEN BURKE.

THE THEATER

THE scouts of the American Youth Congress might well look into the title song of the new Rodgers and Hart musical, *Babes in Arms,* to see whether it isn't close to a theme song for an American youth movement. And the rest of you had better begin tuning up for "Way Out West on West End Avenue" and "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp," two other numbers from the very acceptable score which will probably be echoing strongly over dance floors and the air waves in the near future.

As for the show itself, it's mainly a large collection of pleasant and talented young folks cavorting to perhaps the best words and music of the Broadway season, and proceeding along the lines of a light narrative about how a neighborhoodful of vaudevillists' offspring, rather than go to the township work farm for the summer, defy the powers and engage in a coöperative effort to feed themselves while the old folks are away. Naturally, they decide to put on a revue, and there you are.

Apart from the title song, there's rather more than the usual quantum of social and political content in this musical. True, Communists come off badly where they're mentioned, but the most solid body of social viewpoint in the book is anti-white-chauvinist. New York's Mayor La Guardia gets a plug in the song, "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp."

Mitzi Green, whom you may remember as being a child cinema performer, has grown up enough to be a top-notch feminine lead, and certainly knows how to use the old socko to put over a song. The hoofing in the show is top-notch, especially that by Duke McHale and those two young Negro brothers, Harold and Fayard Nicholas. And with all due respect to Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart (which is not inconsiderable, in view of their history from the first *Grand Street Follies* through *The Connecticut Yankee* and many other shows, including *On Your Toes*), it must be recorded that without the expert direction of Robert Sinclair there might have been some yawning moments. As a whole, it is good,

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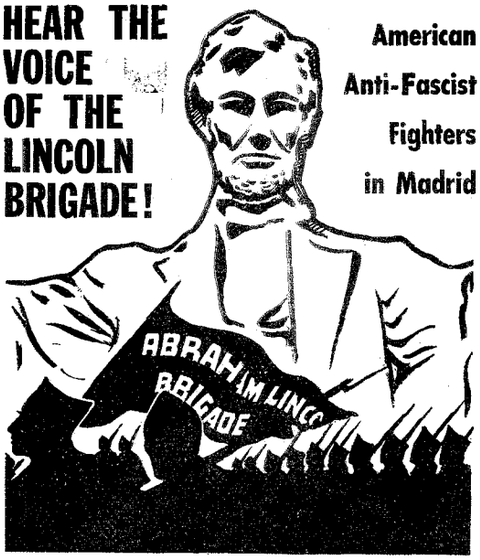

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tuneful fun, and so clean the Old Lady from Dubuque wouldn't bat an eye.

Professor Mamlock, Friedrich Wolf's play about the coming-to-power of the Nazis, and how it affected the family of a German-Jewish patriotic physician, has been put on in English by the Jewish division of the Federal Theatre Project in New York. The burning trenchancy of the facts of history with which this play deals is enough to carry the play despite its tendency to substitute talk for action and despite the only average production.

The action proceeds from the opening scene in Professor Mamlock's clinic, where the staff represents almost all political viewpoints except the Communist, to the closing scene, also in the clinic, in which the Nazi underdoctor has been made commissar of hospitals and in which Dr. Mamlock is driven to suicide. Between are scenes in the professor's home in which his son leaves the family rather than give up his Communist work, and in which the girl Nazi is shown gradually changing her views as she sees the *modus operandi* of her movement. The whole thing is really a fascinating study in human psychology and changing human nature under the stress of the class conflict. It is living history, and should be seen. ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Henry A. Wallace. Secretary of Agricultulture to speak on farm problems, Tues., Apr. 27, 1:30 p.m, N.B.C. blue.

Child Labor and Growth. A discussion by Richard A. Bolt, director of the Cleveland Child Health Association, Wed., Apr. 28, 4:00 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Music. Frank Black will direct string symphony, Wed., Apr. 28, 9:00 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Problems Before Congress. A Representative will review them Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. and a Senator Thursdays at 5 p.m., Columbia.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

Quality Street. A polite and charming version of James Barrie's whimsical play. Katherine Hepburn and Franchot Tone in the leading roles.

Maytime. Just in case you like this sort of thing. It features Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, a potpourri of music, and much lavender and old lace.

Beethoven Concerto (Cameo, N.Y.). Amkino giving us pleasant entertainment featuring two musical child prodigies.

PLAYS

Excursion (Vanderbilt, N.Y.). Thunder on the left in a comic vein by Victor Wolfson.

Miss Quis (Henry Miller, N.Y.). Small-town social satire by Ward Morehouse with Peggy Wood and James Rennie in the foreground.

Red Harvest (National, N.Y.). The raw stuff of life in a Red Cross war hospital.

Helen Howe. Monodramas in social satire, on tour: May 1, E. Northfield, Mass.

Power (Ritz, N.Y.). The Living Newspaper's powerful and amusing attack on the utilities racket.

Marching Song (Bayes, N.Y.). Production of John Howard Lawson's powerful auto strike drama now taken over by the acting company.

Steel (Labor Stage, N.Y.). John Wexley's play brought up to date, Fri. and Sat. evenings and Sat. matinées.

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